UNDER THE STARS AND UNDER THE CRESCENT

BY

EDWIN DE LEON

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AND

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UNDER THE STARS

AND

UNDER THE CRESCENT

A ROMANCE OF EAST AND WEST

BY

EDWIN DE LEON

AUTHOR OF "KHEDIVES' EGYPT," "ASCAROS CASSIS," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES

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SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON

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1887

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TO MY FRIEND,

EDWARD HYDE HEWETT,

H.B.M. Consul, West Africa,

IN MEMORY OF

THE MANY PLEASANT HOURS PASSED TOGETHER

ON THE BOSPHORUS,

I Dedicate

THESE PICTURES OF LIFE AND MANNERS.

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Part E.

UNDER THE STARS.

"The children born of thee are sword and fire—
Red ruin—and the breaking up of laws."

TENNYSON.

CHAPTER I.

A CONFEDERATE HOUSEHOLD.

It was in the late winter of 1864,—when the last desperate effort was being made by the Southern Secessionists, in the United States, to beat back the ever-rising tide of Federal invasion,—when a family party was assembled at a country residence near the city of Columbia, the capital of the State of South Carolina.

The family was one well known and greatly respected by the society of the aristocratic little State, as one possessing both ancient lineage and great wealth, ever most lavishly expended and dispensed. Its members had made great sacrifices,

both in purse and person, for the failing cause, and several had already sealed their devotion with their blood; for the hearth-stone now missed the presence of two of the family group wont to assemble around the huge fireplace, piled up with its glowing logs in the winter-time. The head of the house was a tall, stalwart man of over sixty years of age, whose snowy hair and long drooping white moustache, like a frozen stalactite, alone indicated his advanced age; for the fire of his eye was not dimmed, nor had his strength abated. The empty left sleeve of the undress uniform he wore, spoke more eloquently than words could have done, of service in the stricken field; while the deep lines of thought and care furrowing his broad brow, told of the corroding anxieties which were gnawing at his heart.

Two young men, in the first flush of

early manhood, and a girl of sixteen completed the family group.

The mansion was a large and spacious one, embowered in trees, about two miles distant from the city; and two saddled horses, which were being slowly led back and forth by negro boys, showed that the family reunion was but temporary. General Prescott seemed about terminating the interview with his two sons, for such they evidently were from the strong family resemblance between the three. And it was with a softened voice he said,—

"Well, my boys! you must return to duty, and not linger too long near an invalided veteran and a young girl, while South Carolina needs the services of every man, nay every child that can shoulder a musket, or mount a horse, to keep the Vandals from the graves of our fathers and kindred. The fortune of war seems

turning steadily against us, but we must put our trust in Providence; and better death than dishonour, ruin than cowardly submission. Even this girl will tell you so!" and he laid his hand affectionately and caressingly on the fair clustering curls of his daughter's head, while she, a tear glittering in her bright blue eye, looked up fondly and admiringly into her father's face, and said,—

"Yes! although I have already lost two brothers in this fearful war, I cannot ask you to shun the peril. Our father's words are true: better death than dishonour; and there never was a Prescott yet who would hesitate to make the choice. Go then, my dearest brothers, and believe my only regret is that a woman may not share your dangers. But my heart will go with you, and my prayers for your safety and the success of the

cause, shall go up to the Great Ruler of the Universe in supplication for both."

Alfred, the eldest, took the bright head in both hands, and kissed the fair brow. "God protect you, my dear sister," he simply said; while the younger and more impulsive Will, a tall stripling, to soften the solemnity of the parting, broke into a boyish laugh, and cried out, "We shall bring you back some captive knight, fair sister mine, when we return victorious! so do not dim your eyes too much with weeping!" and the brothers, wringing their father's hand in mute adieu, passed from out the door of the old mansion-house, across whose threshold their footsteps should echo never, never more; for on this side of the grave that group never assembled again.

An unbroken silence followed the departure of the young men: the girl wept silently, the father strode up and down

the room with knitted brow and abstracted gaze, as though seeking to look into the dim future and pierce its mysteries, as to the fate of those gallant figures now passing from his sight to brave the perils of war. The door opened, and there entered a very old and withered negro woman, but still alert in look, gesture, and movement: black as ebony, with small sharp twinkling eyes, a gaudy bandanna handkerchief twisted turbanlike over her head, rising into a cone, and the rest of her dress of some black stuff, scrupulously neat though worn. Innumerable wrinkles seamed the sable forehead and face, as fine and delicate as though graven on the black skin with a sharp-pointed instrument. The carriage of the head and person indicated both self-will and conceit; and her manner was that of one assured of the affection and boundless indulgence of master and

mistress, of whom she was nominally the slave. Three generations of the Prescotts had she tended; and over the whole younger household, after the early death of the mother, had she exercised an authority which was as undisputed as it was benevolent; for she loved "her people," as she always called them, with a love surpassing Ruth's for Naomi. "Aunt Celia," as she was always called, passed by General Prescott, as he paced up and down, without word or salutation, to where his daughter sat, her head bowed down, the tears trickling through her slender fingers, and addressed her shortly, almost sternly,—

"What for you crying, Miss Helen? what you 'fraid of? Scared cause Mass Alfred and Mass William gwine to lick dem cussed Yankees, and send 'em back ware dey blongs! It ain't like no Prescott,

dat! Glad de boys can't see it. Deys not feared, I'll be bound. Come! dry up you eyes, and don't make ole massa feel bad, seeing you so sorry."

The homely remonstrance was heeded and obeyed. The girl hastily dried her eyes, as though ashamed to display her emotion, glancing meanwhile at the stately and silent figure, still pacing up and down the room; while with a grunt of approval, the old woman took her by the hand and led her into the grounds surrounding the mansion. The life of the Southern aristocrats and landed proprietors, in the days preceding the war, was somewhat similar to that of the old English country gentry, although on a larger and more luxurious scale. Enjoying very large incomes, their expenditure was of the most liberal and lavish description, entirely regardless of ex-

pense incurred, which their large means enabled them to despise. Their houses, although not boasting much architectural elegance, were large, airy, and spacious, and their hospitality of equally enlarged dimensions. Uninvited guests, who came to stay for days and weeks, were always welcome, and no term was assigned (as abroad) to the duration of their stay under those hospitable roofs. The furniture, the fitting up of the house, the service, the troops of slaves, hereditary house-servants for generations, all were on the same large scale, and the grounds surrounding their mansion vied with those of the English nobility and gentry, although often of a much larger extent. The Prescott house was one of these old mansions which for several generations had exercised a most lavish hospitality, and had been fitted up in the most

luxurious and costly manner, while its cellar was the wonder and the envy of the Southern seigneurs, far and near. But the war, in its fourth year, had wrought great changes here, as throughout the entire Southern country, inside and outside of which War and Fire had raged so fiercely: and over which now the shadow of their gaunt sister Famine (as in Coleridge's Ode) was beginning to creep. For debarred from an early hour of the struggle by the stern blockade kept up by the Federal fleet, from the foreign luxuries, which use had made second nature to the luxurious Southerner, in this the fourth year of that blockade, daily becoming more stringent, the very necessaries of life were beginning to run short; and the last year of the Southern struggle was made under a state of semi-starvation, uncomplainingly and heroically

endured by stalwart men, fragile women, and boys of fifteen fighting and dying like men in the ranks for the fatherland. The once beautiful grounds and gardens surrounding the Prescott mansion showed the blight of war-times, and the neglect of the owners, absorbed in the struggle for life and liberty, and forgetful of the elegancies, while deprived of even the necessaries of life. The garden and grounds were emblems of the Southern situation, and looked bleak, bare, and uncared for. No leisure and taste now for the embroidery of life, but grappling with its sternest actualities. The interior of the mansion showed traces of the same. No rich carpets on the floors now! all had been cut up and converted into blankets for the soldiers, whose couch was the bare earth, until peacefully deposited in dreamless sleep beneath it, after terrible

encounters with adversaries bountifully supplied with all the appliances and comforts which money and care, and the open markets of the world could supply them. The cellars, with their almost priceless wines, carefully stored for generations, from grandfather to grandson, had all been emptied, to solace the feverish thirst or fortify the sinking frames of heroic defenders, wounded or dying in the hospitals—the soft music which used to challenge young and happy hearts to the dance, exchanged for the blast of the trumpet and boom of the drum, summoning to battle and to death. Such were the changes wrought throughout the whole of *Secessia*, comprising as it did that semi-tropical portion of the United States from Virginia in the north to South Carolina and Florida in the south, and Louisiana in the south-west. Over that whole belt of

country such was the outer aspect, such the internal condition, only that thus far the fiercest fighting was going on at the extremities—the heart was not reached until, at the last stage of exhaustion and semi-starvation, Sherman's march to the sea broke through the hollow crust which had enclosed the Southern land, and proved to what a state of exhaustion and privation that protracted war had reduced the struggling South.

God alone knows—man and history will never know or record faithfully—the true story and sufferings of a people, isolated from all foreign sympathies by the artfully-applied stigma of "slave-holders," but who, after their long and terrible agony during and subsequent to the war, to-day possess the love, the confidence, and the respect of those very former slaves—now

freedmen—and through their votes control the Federal legislation.

During the four years' war, the Southern States which seceded from the Union became one vast camp. The old modes of life and the old habits,—more those of the Sybarite than of the Stoic—or the Puritan, a bastard Stoic,—were replaced by the sterner habitudes of the tent and the battle-field, on the part of the men; of the hospital nurse and ministering angel on the part of the women.

The old landmarks thus removed never have been, and never can be, replaced; and the old phases of Southern life and manners have passed away as utterly and irrevocably, as those of the Puritans have vanished from New England and the North. Out of the ashes of the old, in both sections, has sprung forth the new; and not only a new South has been evolved, but a

new North and a new Union as well, and the amalgamation of the two has produced the new generation of Americans—children of the new era—since the return of peace. Whether superior or inferior to the old, posterity can better judge than the men of this generation, at home or abroad.

With this brief episode in explanation of the actual situation, we resume our narrative.

Followed closely by Aunt Celia, the girl passed through the garden, once carefully kept, but now apparently uncared for and neglected, though still retaining traces of its former beauty; and opening a small gate, passed into the pine-forest, which stretched its sombre shadows in the rear of the mansion. Through the tall smooth shafts of the pine-trees, rising to a height of thirty feet like columns, crowned with the dark green, fern-like foliage, long

vistas, like the aisles of a cathedral, could be caught, with the slender forms of deer glancing through occasionally. No undergrowth of any kind marred the prospect, the earth below being carpeted with the fallen leaves, from which exhaled the peculiar aroma of the pine-forest.

Pausing under the shadow of one of the patriarchs of the wood, the girl flung herself down on this natural carpet. She leaned her head on her hand, and surrendered herself to meditation. Her reverie was short, however, for it was broken in upon by a man's voice: and looking up she immediately recognized and warmly welcomed the intruder, a young man in Confederate uniform much the worse for wear, whose frank, open face, swarthy originally, was now deeply tanned by exposure to weather, and long campaigning.

A look of glad recognition, accompanied

by a blush which brought back the truant colour to her face, indicated the mingled pleasure and embarrassment with which she rose up and welcomed the intruder.

"Why, Cousin Harry, what has brought you back here from Virginia? Not invalided or wounded, I hope? I know nothing else could induce you to leave General Lee and the army of Virginia at this time, when every man is needed to hold Richmond."

"No," replied the young man, "I am neither invalided nor wounded, but I have been transferred from General Lee's army to the cavalry of General Hampton, on this line; as my heart was here, I gladly accepted the change, which I hope may not prove displeasing to you, my fair cousin?"

As he spoke, his ardent and admiring gaze expressed far more than words—the feeling of more than cousinly attachment

towards his kinswoman, which animated him,—as his dark eyes rested upon her face with passionate devotion.

But the look seemed to meet with no corresponding sentiment on her part. Pleased surprise and friendly interest only were visible on the fair, frank face, nothing more; and the young man with a lover's quick perception saw and recognized the fact; and with a quick, impatient sigh, renounced the hope he had dared to cherish, that absence might have ripened friendship into love, on her part, as well as on his own.

The girl broke the silence which followed the first salutations; for young as she was, with the quick perceptions of a woman she appreciated the situation, and sought to relieve its awkwardness.

"My brothers paid us a visit to-day, Harry, and have just gone. They too

are attached to General Hampton's command, and you will find them there when you report for duty. I will feel that they are more safe, now that they have so sensible a person as Harry Lee near to restrain their rashness," she said with saucy playfulness, so well assumed as to appear perfectly natural to the despondent admirer.

He answered gravely, for her light tone seemed to jar on his strained intensity of feeling,—

"You know that you can safely count on all that I can do to shield you and yours from harm, always while life and strength are left me. But now both are so uncertain from day to day, that I thought it my duty to come here to-day to take what may be a last look at your face, and to tell you, what you may probably already suspect if you do not know, that

the affection I have for you is more than a friend's or a cousin's: that I love you deeply, devotedly—although almost hopeless of a return,—and that whatever changes and chances may arrive, in me you will ever find, while life is spared me, the most untiring devotion, should you ever need it. I know your heart is still free,—could you not reserve a little corner in it for me?"

He paused for a reply, which for a brief time did not come. The silence around them was unbroken, save by the sad sighing of the wind through the pine-leaves overhead, sounding to the young man like the dirge of his hopes; and when at last she answered, it was in a low, faltering voice, very unlike her usual clear, bell-like tones, and her eyes were bent down, not seeking those of her companion, which were rivetted on her face.

"Cousin Harry," she said, "this is folly, and worse than folly. Is this a time or season for any of us to indulge in romantic dreams or selfish plans for the future? Can any of us tell, from day to day, what is to befall us, and all those dearest to us? We may have to fly to the woods for shelter by the light of our burning house. Dismiss all such idle thoughts—ask no such questions, but do your duty as a soldier and a Southerner, first, last, and always. It will give you enough to do without thinking of a foolish girl, whose affection for you ought not to be doubted."

"Yes!" replied the young man sadly, "what you say is true. It is wrong, it is foolish, it is cruel to press my selfish thoughts and feelings on you at such a time. I accept your gentle rebuke, and shall press you no more; but remember

this, that wherever or whenever you need a friend, or aid, or counsel, while life is spared to both of us, you will find more than a brother in Harry Lee, and can freely summon him, even from the end of the earth, sure of his coming. And now farewell, and may God shower down on that dear head His choicest blessings, and preserve it always from pain or harm."

He took her unresisting hand in his own, raised it to his lips with the chivalric devotion of a knight of old, cast one long, lingering look of blended love and resignation on the bowed head with its golden curls, and strode rapidly away, through the pathless pine-forest, strewed with the withered leaves and cones from the lofty pines, over which the evening shadows were thickly gathering, and the winds sounding a requiem to his mournful heart.

The girl raised her head, and through

eyelashes wet with tears, gazed after the retreating figure, until lost in the shadows.

"Why cannot I love him as he loves me?" she said, as though interrogating her own heart. "As one of my brothers I do feel for him, but I do not love him as he loves me; although no nobler or more high-toned gentleman can be found in our own Southern country than Harry Lee. Perhaps some day I may, for such devotion ought to meet a return, and there can be no doubt of his for me."

She called aloud to the old woman, who had remained at a discreet distance while what she regarded as a lovers' interview was taking place, and Aunt Celia obeyed the summons with alacrity, and with a knowing look in her old eyes.

"Well, dearie," she said with ill-sup-

pressed curiosity in her tone, "what could Massa Harry Lee have to say to you so quick, and run away like de debbil had kicked him, widout even seein' de old massa? I misdoubt, my gal, you'se been playing some tricks wid dat young feller, an' you won't find his match easy, I tell you. Known him since he was a picaninny, and nice boy he is—puffick Southern gentleman. Ole Celia says it, an' she knows what she's talkin' about."

"He only stopped, Aunt Celia, to tell me he was going to join General Hampton's cavalry," said the girl, ignoring the old woman's cross-questioning, and moving towards the little gate in the direction of the house. "He will see father some other time, when he is not in such haste."

"Yes! mighty fine," grumbled the old woman to herself. "And a mighty hurry

he was in, dat's de trute; but what mek him so. Catch weazel asleep, but can't fool ole Celia! O dese gals! dese gals! Tink nobody knows nutting but demselves. Dunt no dere own mines, and cry arterwards ober de spilt milk."

Indignant at what she considered a want of confidence on the part of her young mistress, Aunt Celia with much dignity withdrew into herself firstly, and finally into the kitchen, leaving the girl to the sweet and bitter fancies which alternately moved her.

CHAPTER II.

A CONFEDERATE CITY BEFORE AND DURING THE WAR.

THE City of Columbia, capital of the State of South Carolina, was one of the most typical places under the old *régime*, both as the seat of government of that proud little State, wherein the Legislature annually assembled, and as the seat of learning, through the establishment of the State University which flourished there. A very cultivated select and hospitable society, aristocratic in all its instincts and habitudes, composed of landed proprietors, professional men, legislators, learned professors, and visitors from all

parts of the State, during the session of the Legislature or Courts, gave great social attractions to the gay little city, pleasantly situated midway between the lower or seaboard country, and the upper or mountainous region of the State. Before the War of Secession, Columbia was noted for the beauty of its site and surroundings, for its stately private residences embowered in gardens, in which bloomed the flowers of almost all countries and climates ; as well as for the hospitality of its residents, enriched by the cotton culture and the cotton trade. For it was originally one of the chief seats and depôts of the upland or short staple cotton, which trade is now monopolized by the Southern seaport cities of New Orleans, Savannah, Mobile, and Charleston.

A garden city, with broad, well-paved streets and wide side-walks, shaded by

green trees; compact houses, chiefly of wood or brick, neatly painted, with pretty gardens in front and rear, and spacious grounds around them, where men literally could sit under their own vines and fig-trees, owing to the semi-tropical character of the climate. Luscious fruits of all kinds were to be had for the plucking, while roses and flowers of every description perfumed the air in all seasons save mid-winter. Stately public buildings of stone and marble, among which the "State House," and University surrounded by a lofty wall and embowered in trees, were most conspicuous, the latter housing several hundreds of students from South Carolina and the adjacent Southern States, gave the air of a city to what might otherwise have been regarded as a country town. A drowsy place, too, disturbed only occasionally by the mad pranks of the

University boys, riding like Tam O'Shanters at midnight, on bare-backed horses, borrowed from the stables of the citizens surreptitiously, and awakening the slumbrous city police by the blasts of the tin horns they blew lustily while careering through the startled streets.

A peaceful, prosperous, contented little city, sitting smilingly on its seven hills; sharing equally the soft breezes blowing from the southern seaboard, and the more bracing winds coming from the mountainous region to the north; to which a refined and literary atmosphere was given by the University and its able professors. The University town blent with the political capital—such was Columbia before the War of Secession. A community more united in feeling, thought, sentiment, and mode of life, more at peace with itself and the rest of mankind, more contented with

its lot, and more confident in its future, never was so suddenly and rudely awakened from peaceful dreams to the grim and painful realities of war, than the capital of South Carolina. Yet it enjoyed almost total indemnity from more immediate perils, and actual devastation, until the close of the conflict; being regarded by the people of South Carolina and the adjoining States as a harbour of refuge; attracting fugitives and refugees from those places where the actual war was waged. Yet although never witnessing actual war, nor made a battle-field, Columbia yet was subjected to one of its sternest penalties, the ordeal by fire—by whose hands kindled, yet remains one of the disputed questions of the war; General Sherman on the one hand, and General Hampton on the other, insisting on his opponent's responsibility for the conflagra-

tion, which destroyed the better portion of the city, causing the destruction of an unarmed and unresisting place sacred by all the laws and usages of civilized warfare. For Columbia finally surrendered at discretion, without resistance, to General Sherman, while General Hampton evacuated the city at the opposite side, without firing a gun; that the city, crowded with non-combatants and unprovided with means of defence, might be spared. There had formerly been great rivalry and jealousy existing between Charleston, the largest city in the State, near the seaboard, and Columbia, the inland capital, more than a hundred miles distant: each assuming to be the heart of the State. Charleston assumed supercilious and patronizing airs towards its younger and smaller sister, while Columbia, proud of its University, and State Assembly, retorted the disdain.

But these small bickerings were hushed, and ceased in view of the approach of the Northern invader—narrowing the circle each successive month, until South Carolina, the special object of Northern rancor, as the originator and stubborn protractor of the war, like the scorpion girt by fire, scarcely knew which way to turn even for temporary safety or final deliverance. General Sherman's "March to the Sea" broke the bubble of Southern safety, and showed the hollowness of the outer crust of its defence: which once broken, opened an easy road to the Federal troops into the whole Southern country, and Columbia was one of its most striking illustrations, as well as one of its most tragic episodes.

Throughout the whole length and breadth of the seceding States "grim-visaged war" had frowned away all

gaiety, in act and speech, from a people suffering the double pangs of mental and bodily privation, and scanning anxiously each bulletin of each successive battle or skirmish over the vast area of that colossal strife, to see whether some loved one's name might not be recorded there among the killed, the wounded, or the missing. For under the last category were many who were never found, and never will be until the final trump shall sound; falling in obscure skirmishes, and filling unrecorded graves, or huddled, unknown or unnamed, into the trenches prepared after each bloody battle in the "wilderness," between Washington and Richmond, or in the West.

For the dead who fell fighting for home and kindred, in what all Southerners deemed a holy cause, there was grief, but resignation mingled with pride. For the

wounded there was hope; but for "the missing" there was the long agony of hope deferred "that maketh the heart sick," of weary wasting, watching, and waiting for tidings that never came—the hot and cold fits alternating—until anxiety was aggravated almost to madness, and any certainty, even the most painful under other circumstances, was welcome as a relief to the strained suspense!

"Men must work and women must weep!" says the poet of the "fishers' wives!" Sadder still when wives and children find the source of tears dried up by the terrible uncertainties of a long vigil, praying for the return of loved ones whose fate is involved in silence and mystery—a silence and a mystery which the slowly-revolving weeks, months, and years may never clear up, to relieve the yearning hearts of those sad watchers

—too often watching and hoping in vain!

Never did dramatist draw sterner picture of protracted human suffering, than you may find concentrated in that single word "missing;" in the record of losses and casualties after one of those battles, the name of which perhaps never was given in one of the official returns. Added to this, the minor miseries, which a people accustomed to comfort and to luxury, were compelled to endure, in the deprivation of the most common necessaries of life, with ruin and poverty and death staring even the richest in the face; with maimed and mutilated kindred all around them, as visible evidences of the death-struggle in which the Southern people were engaged.

The possession of horses and carriage, in the hot and enervating climate of the

South, used to be a necessity rather than a luxury; and all families, even those of moderate means, considered it essential.

The "turnouts" of the richer were worthy of Hyde Park or the Row; and on summer evenings the drives were crowded for miles on the smooth roads around and through the city. But the carriages were now all hidden away, covered with dust, in the coach-houses, or converted into improvised ambulance-waggons; while the horses were doing duty in the cavalry or baggage-waggons. The whole world was afoot now, and only too fortunate when the foot was covered with an unpatched shoe; so rigorous and effective had the Federal blockade of the Southern ports become, and so prohibitory the price of the few articles which forced the blockade exacted; while the

depreciation of the Southern currency increased a hundred-fold, even the immensely exaggerated prices, exacted by the occasionally lucky blockade-breakers.

Ladies formerly clad in rich attire now wore home-spun dresses, made by their own hands; on their floors there were no carpets, in their cellars no wine—the hospitals had absorbed both.

On the streets, once crowded every afternoon with gay pedestrians and laughing girls, accompanied by gallant young cavaliers, could now be seen only anxious-looking, care-worn women and children, mostly in mourning-weeds; with a few maimed and crippled men, in worn Confederate uniform, hobbling painfully along. In the faces and gait of all might be read the sad story of war, and of a war waged with waning hope; sustained, however,

with an unflinching fortitude and resignation, worthy of the best days of Greece or of Rome: and in which now, as then, the woman sustained the man in resisting to the last, even when his heart grew faint at the spectacle of her sufferings and privations. For never, in the annals of classic or modern story, did the nobility and self-sacrifice of woman's nature shine out more steadily and more purely than in the War of Secession; whose women, the conqueror bitterly complained, were and continued to be unconquered, years after the men, reluctantly consenting to the inevitable for their sake, sullenly submitted to their destiny, and renounced their cherished dream of a separate confederacy, and a separate future from that of their little-loved "Northern brethren," "a little more than kin and less than kind," as they had found them.

And so through the now neglected and uncared-for streets, once so trimly kept, over which now the rank grass and unforbidden weeds jauntily flaunted their heads as over some forsaken city, weary, wan women, in widows' weeds, dragged half-starved children after them, plodding along wearily, with pain and privation stamped on their faces, and shining in their hollow eyes.

Even the noisy demonstrativeness and irrepressible vivacity of the negro seemed tuned to a lower key, in accord with the prevailing atmosphere of subdued sorrow around him; and in sympathy with the sadness and sufferings of the family to which he was attached, not only by the bonds of slavery, but of affection springing from old associations.

He too conducted himself as though in the house of mourning, heedless of the fact

that his liberation would be wrought by the agony and downfall of his old masters. Even the foreign visitor, attracted to the Confederacy by love of adventure or hope of gain, must have been irresistibly reminded of those simple but terrible descriptions of the plague-smitten cities of old, as given by the Italian chroniclers, when Death and Life walked hand in hand together over scenes which Nature had made so fair, but which man's madness or folly had marred, converting an earthly Paradise into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRIAL BY FIRE.

During the months which had elapsed since our introduction to the Prescott family group at the old mansion near Columbia, while autumn and winter had melted into early spring, many painful incidents had taken place in their history, as well as in that of the Confederacy.

Both the brothers, who went forth so gaily and gallantly to the war, had fallen in battle, in those bloody outpost skirmishes which swallowed up the lives of so many unknown and unchronicled heroes on either side ; whose very graves are to this day unknown, their bones mingling un-

recognizably with those of their adversaries in the common fosse, into which all were huddled together, after one of those sharp skirmishes, which history and the despatches make no mention of.

As General Grant said in that grim despatch of his: "The Confederates robbed the cradle and the grave for their recruits"—old men and young boys beardless still—and robbed both in vain. For, like the "Propontic Sea that knows no ebb," the tide of Federal invasion and occupation flowed irresistibly and steadily southward still.

The cause of the Confederates really was already a "lost cause," in the early spring of 1865: and yet with a stubborn desperation, unmatched or unparalleled in any struggle since that of Jerusalem against Titus—hoping against hope—the remnant of the Southern army, sustained by the whole people, refused to acknow-

ledge their defeat, or surrender an inch of the soil they still could hold: contesting foot by foot the advance of the victorious invader, who then had learned the feebleness of the forces opposed to him.

Gloom and despondency sat on every brow, and occupied every heart, within the Confederacy; yet while General Lee yet made front, and Richmond remained in Confederate hands, the forlorn remnant made stubborn fight still, and resisted all overtures for reconciliation coupled with surrender, which President Lincoln offered at Hampton Roads and elsewhere.

During the intervening period General Prescott had joined the army again, gone into battle, and again been wounded, and was now invalided at home, tended by his daughter, the tenderest and most devoted of nurses. Much did he need that gentle ministration, for his heart as well as for his

shattered frame; the old oak, whose tender twigs and strong branches had been stripped away from him, all but this frail one, needing his support: yet standing still erect, and facing the storm with unbowed head, though terribly shaken and riven in trunk and foliage. The unconquerable spirit of the old patrician yet showed itself,—in the upright figure, the erect head, and the gleam of the clear blue eyes from under the shaggy white brows—a forlorn but unvanquished old Titan still, this descendant of the early cavaliers of South Carolina, who left not only their names, but their posterity and principles to the State they colonized.

For while the largest political equality was accorded to the white freemen of the Gulf States, and the Southern States of the Atlantic seaboard; social equality, even among the whites, never existed before the

war. There probably never has existed in any country, under any government—monarchical, imperial, or constitutional—at any time, a society in which the lines of demarcation were more strictly drawn; in short, a society more exclusively aristocratic, than that of Virginia, South Carolina, and a few of the other Southern States. *Nous avons changé tout celà.* Whether for the better, time alone can prove.

On one of those dreary and anxious nights, which followed the occupation of Columbia by General Sherman's troops, the sequel of his famous "March to the Sea," which broke the backbone of the Southern resistance; there reclined on an easy-chair in the Prescott mansion, the still stalwart frame of the old general, worn and wasted by mental and physical suffering, with deep furrows on the forehead, and lines

of pain sharply drawn around the still bright eyes, sunken deep in their orbits, with livid rings around them.

On a low stool at his feet sat his daughter, sole survivor of his numerous children, once his boast and pride. Four sons had gone before him, victims to the grim Moloch of civil war, who had spared the old but taken away the young: reversing the natural order of things, and leaving the old homestead desolate.

The girl's face looked pinched, worn, and prematurely old: for the lack even of the most common comforts of life was becoming daily more pressing among the beleaguered Southerners, almost starved out by the strong blockade by land and sea established by the Federals: and only the wonderful fidelity of the faithful slaves saved them from absolute starvation or something very much akin to it.

For the slaves still faithfully tilled the soil, and gathered the crops in the absence of the adult male population, with scarcely any white supervision: women and children only remaining at home, towards the final crisis during the last year of the war, as has been already stated.

Crouching in a corner of the room was old Aunt Celia, the picture of despondency, looking more weird and witch-like than ever, her black, bead-like eyes resting beseechingly on her old master and young mistress: mournfully conjuring back the presence of the four dead "boys," whose gay presence used to fill the whole house with sunshine, for whom she wept like Rachel, "and would not be comforted, because they were not."

The monotonous ticking of the large clock in one corner alone broke the sad stillness, for absorbed each in sad thoughts,

no one spoke, and the same death-like stillness reigned outside the house as well.

Suddenly a negro boy rushed headlong into the room, regardless of the usual etiquette, still stringently kept up by the household, and which yet characterized this stately though falling house.

"Master!" he gasped out, "look at the light yonder. Columbia's on fire!"

Slowly and painfully the old man reared up his frame from the chair on which he half sat, half reclined, and supporting himself by leaning on his daughter's shoulder, dragged himself out to the large verandah running around the house, from which a view of the city could be obtained.

What he saw immediately explained itself, and roused him from the apathetic torpor into which he had fallen; blended

indignation and sorrow stirring up afresh into feverish rapidity his failing pulses.

The sky above, and the city which it overhung, as plainly visible as at midday, were ablaze with one ruddy glow, showing a sheet of vivid light, the heavens reflecting the bright glare from below. The air was filled with burning fragments, and showers of bright sparks shot through the dense pall of smoke, sullenly lifting up from below, and wavering and drifting like the drop-scene at a theatre, now hiding, now revealing what was hidden below. High up in air, in the midst of clouds of blinding smoke and showers of fiery sparks, flocks of awakened and frightened pigeons might be seen circling and whirling in wild confusion, and occasionally dropping into the fiery furnace below, smothered by the stifling atmosphere there. From afar came muffled

sounds of men shouting and women wailing; while the vault of heaven, studded with innumerable stars, in all the glory of a semi-tropical Southern night, serenely arched over the Pandemonium rioting below, contrasting heaven's peace with man's inhumanity to man.

More remotely still sounded the parting echoes of strains of martial music, by which General Sherman's troops were marching away from the scene of devastation—evacuating the burning city.

In stupefied silence the three spectators, around whom had clustered a number of negroes, awakened from their slumbers by the news, gazed on this terrible spectacle.

Old Celia first broke the spell.

"I tink de debbil got loose," she said. "Sure enuff, Columby's burning up. Dat nigger Jim done tole no lie when he say so."

Even while she spoke the rapid hoof-beats of a hard-pressed horse reverberated from the road outside, stopping at the gate; and a moment later a man rushed headlong into the room and beyond to the outer balcony, where the group of watchers was assembled.

Blackened with smoke, his hair and beard singed with flame, his dress burned in several places, Harry Lee strode up to his uncle and cousin, and hoarsely exclaimed,—

"This is no longer a safe refuge. Columbia is on fire. We are in full retreat. Where, oh where, will you find shelter and safety?" and his eyes, full of love and anxiety, glanced from the old man to his daughter, who seemed heedless of the peril environing her.

"Trouble not yourself on our account, my son," replied the veteran calmly.

"There is no danger here for a worn-out old man, and a young girl, such as we. Our enemies are still our countrymen, and respect age and womanhood."

"Yes, Harry," said the girl eagerly. "We are in no danger, but you are. Short shrift would there be for one of Hampton's horse, if captured by the Federal scouts!"

"Yes, go!" repeated the General impatiently. "You have no time to lose, and will only compromise us by your presence here, should the Federals make us a visit"—for dropping shots and wild cries, and the clattering of horses' hoofs were heard in the distance, as though Federal scouts were out capturing Confederate stragglers. The last consideration seemed to determine Harry Lee to obey. He bowed his head, wrung convulsively his uncle's and cousin's hands, rushed out, flung himself into the saddle,

and a moment after the rapid hoof-beats announced his departure, to rejoin his troops, quartered in the neighbourhood.

The girl, who during this colloquy had clung to her father's hand, as though determined not to be separated from him, breathed a sigh of relief as the young man departed, and sank on her knees in prayer. The veteran gazed moodily and mechanically on the glowing sky, and over the neighbouring pine-woods, through which the wind was sadly sighing the dirge of the burning city, the black tree-tops nodding their crested heads in sympathy. The terrified negroes, congregated on the balcony, huddled together and spoke in whispers, as though in a death-chamber. For strange as it may seem, it is yet true, that their sympathies, even unto the end, were with their masters and the old families among whom they had been born

and bred, and not with the Federal troops, part of whose mission they well knew was to liberate them. Old habit and old affection were stronger with them, than the love of freedom or of civil rights.

And so the night wore on, and through the long hours of that vigil by thousands of weary and weeping eyes, the sky was ruddy with the unnatural glare, and the rain of fire, lashed by an angry wind rising to a tempest, showered down sparks, cinders, and ashes, miles away from the burning city; and confused sounds of men's shouting, and women's shriller cries, as they strove to save something from the wrecks of their burning homes, were borne afar by the howling blast.

Day slowly dawned at last on a wrecked and ruined city, on families reduced in one night to destitution, by the loss of the few worldly goods left them after the four years'

struggle, and carefully collected and stored away there.

Not alone the ordinary household goods, but family relics, too, which no money could replace; old heirlooms, family portraits, libraries collected during successive generations, the old family mansion around which clustered so many fond, so many sad recollections; the flower-gardens of which the owners were so proud—all fed the devouring flames. Among the charred and still burning ruins almost the whole population of the once-prosperous city, gazed in dry-eyed despair, encamping in the streets under such shelter as could be speedily improvised, with their rescued goods and chattels piled up around them. Women and children, almost exclusively, were these forlorn sitters by the wayside; the husbands, brothers, and sons were in the

Confederate camps with Lee, Joe Johnston, Hampton, and the remnant of Confederate leaders yet left in command of the forlorn hope of the Southern Confederacy, now become a rope of sand, soon to be washed away by the rising tide of Federal successes everywhere. The fate of Columbia foreshadowed that of the Confederacy, written, as it was, in letters of fire. Yet the Confederate Belshazzar, Jefferson Davis, and his sanguine Secretary of State, Benjamin, refused to see or read that writing, even at the eleventh hour; and, heedless of the counsels of such patriots as Hunter of Virginia and General Lee, and other thoughtful statesmen, refused President Lincoln's offer of peace and amnesty, and stubbornly drifted on to their doom, and that of the people and section so unflinchingly supporting them. Warning voices were raised, but they were

raised in vain, even after Sherman's march to the sea, Sheridan's raid through Virginia, and the increasing weakness of Lee's resistance to General Grant, proved the collapse of the Confederacy. As the Secession struggle commenced in South Carolina, so it really terminated there: although some lingering vitality yet was exhibited in Virginia, by the heroic Lee and his unconquerable soldiers. It is honourable both to the conqueror and the conquered, that almost the last effort of General Grant's vital power was bestowed on the highest eulogium one man could give another, upon his vanquished opponent.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEGRO LEGISLATURE.

"Oh weep for Moncontour. Oh weep for the slain,
Who for freedom and faith lie slaughtered in vain;
Oh weep for the living, who linger to bear
The renegade's shame, or the exile's despair."

THE waning star of the Confederacy had set in clouds and storm, and its light, like that of the "Lost Pleiad," was "seen no more below."

The surrender of Generals Lee and Johnston, the flight and capture of the Confederate President, and the occupation of Richmond had become historic facts: and the Southern people had sullenly resigned themselves to the inevitable, and submitted to the Federal authority, which for four years they had defied with arms in their

hands. For three years they had passed under the yoke of the conquering North, rendered savagely vindictive by the assassination of President Lincoln by a fanatic, who was neither a Southerner nor a participant in the fight while it lasted, but who, impelled by an insane vanity to pose as a mock Brutus off the stage, brought untold woes and ills on the whole Southern people. For President Lincoln had both the will and the power to have reconstituted the Union, without needless severity or delay: and had he lived, the long agony of reconstruction of the South would have not taken as many months as it finally did years, under the awakened exasperation of the Northern people, by which political demagogues profited, to use the forcible language of one of them, "Parson Brownlow," "to organize hell in the Southern States."

The disfranchisement of all the white citizens who had taken part in the war, which covered the whole adult population; their exclusion from all civil rights, such as holding offices of profit or trust under either the Federal or State Governments, and the consequent control of the State Governments by the ignorant negroes recently emancipated, in conjunction with the Northern "carpet-baggers," camp-followers, and adventurers of the lowest type, the spawn of the war—more corrupt, cowardly, and cruel by far than the former slaves, whom they made their instruments to oppress and rob the Southern States and people: all these induced many Southerners to turn their thoughts to emigration. In foreign and distant lands they sought, if not forgetfulness, at least repose and amnesty from the sights and sounds

which sickened and saddened their souls under the Radical rule at Washington; wherein the South was unrepresented, or worse still, misrepresented by men who, like obscene vultures, fattened themselves on its spoils, and regarded it only as their prey.

For the first three years after General Lee's surrender and the death of Lincoln, over the portals of the ex-Confederacy might well have been written, in letters of fire, Dante's inscription over the mouth of hell,—

Lasciate ogni speranza
Che voi entrate!

(*Leave all hope behind, ye who enter here.*)

True, in one way the victors were merciful: they did not hang or execute even the leaders of the rebellion, although they imprisoned some of them; but they condemned an entire popu-

lation for long years, to the slow agonies of what was a living death—to practical outlawry, exclusion from all control of public affairs, and confiscation of property; giving the land and the people over to the tender mercies of the "thieving carpet-bagger from the North," and the newly-emancipated slave. Finally the Northern conscience revolted at the iniquities practised in the sacred and profaned name of Liberty, and struck the fetters from the Southern whites, as previously from the blacks, by acts of general amnesty, which put them on the level of their former slaves, as regarded civil rights, and removal of disabilities.

Then, and then only, was the real reconstruction of the Federal Union completed, and the more perfect union sighed for by Northern as well as Southern patriots, established on a foundation which

now promises to be everlasting. But before this better and more fraternal feeling had sprung up, as the result of these healing measures: weary of waiting, and with the sickness of hope deferred, many of the elder Confederates sought new homes abroad, in South America, and even in the remote East, renouncing the country which now had become for them only a cruel and merciless step-mother, instead of a protecting and fostering parent. Destitute of profession or trade whereby to earn their bread, with their landed estates confiscated, their negro property taken away without any indemnification, the old officers of the army and navy especially, (against whose restoration to service a life-long interdict was decreed and rigorously carried out) were compelled to seek foreign service, and become exiles from the land of their birth and their affections.

Many of these perished in the wilds of Brazil and of Central America, many more became aliens in Europe among uncongenial surroundings. Pining for their native land as the Swiss pines for his mountains, they withered out of existence, and the memory of home and friends, as utterly as though they filled the trenches of Confederate dead: but without a hand to strew flowers over their graves, as over those of their former comrades, a pious duty annually performed, even yet, for those who wore the grey of the Confedates, as well as those clad in the Federal blue.

A more fortunate few of the Confederate officers took service in the far East, and in Turkey and in Egypt, where they were well received, and prospered. With a magnanimity which did him credit, General Sherman, then Commander-in-

Chief of the army of the United States, used his powerful influence and authority to secure positions in the East for ex-Confederate officers; even for those who had fronted him on many a bloody battle-field, after having been his comrades in arms in the Mexican campaign. General Grant did the same—and thus, amongst others, General Prescott obtained a high military position under the Sultan of Turkey. Although his bodily health and vigour had been perfectly restored, and his estate temporarily confiscated, and occupied by him only on sufferance, finally restored to him, yet he sought to escape the haunting recollections which clustered around the old homestead, recalling the touch of vanished hands and voices for ever still; which, in the ordinary course of nature, he should have preceded to the land of shadows and silence. As an old and

distinguished graduate of West Point, (the American Woolwich), who had seen service in the Floridian and Mexican campaigns, as well as in the Confederate battles, he hoped to find oblivion of his sorrows in that remote land, in the Sultan's service.

In the hope then of commencing a new career, at the age when most men terminate theirs, the gallant veteran prepared for departure, and put his house in order, "not to die but to live"—for the sake of the sole daughter of his house and heart, the only one of his children left him.

It was not without an inward struggle that he renounced home, friends and country, a renunciation which he thought at his age must be final; but no other choice was left him, and he accepted the inevitable.

His daughter insisted on accompanying him into exile, with blended feelings of regret, and excited anticipation.

"Soon dries the dewdrop on the April leaf," and youth and hope brought back the colour to her cheek, the light to her eye, and the springiness to her step; while occasionally a bird-like carol breaking from her lips, would testify that her first grief for her lost brothers was being succeeded by resignation, and new hopes arising in her heart. For she was yet very young, and the spring is ever the season, in life and in nature, for the bursting buds of promise to bloom forth, to be matured into the fruits and flowers of autumn, or perish untimely, nipped by the killing frost of winter. The faithful old negro woman was highly indignant at the idea of being left behind, and expressed that indignation, in characteristic terms, to her old

master and mistress, as she still, though now a freed woman, persisted in calling them.

"Mighty fine," she grumbled, "do you tink to get rid of old Celia dat way, does you! Arter she been all her life takin' care of dem children, an ole master, you gwine to leave her wid dem sassy free niggers and low white trash from de Nort', dat's turnin' ebbery ting upside down, till Columby's no place for even a ''spectable cullud pusson' to live in! Not if dis childe knows it. You's had young Celia, and now you ain't gwine to get rid of ole Celia so easy, for she ain't a gwine to quit sight of you! I'm gwine to pack up right away; sleep wid one eye open, I tell you! and when you go, ole Celia she go too. She don't care where, now de ole place got to be left. So Miss Helen, don't you never talk such nonsense no more: for till you

berries ole Celia, you don't get quit of her; make up your mind to dat!"

To such a determination there was no response to be made, so it was arranged that Celia should accompany them to the East: which in her mind, being connected with Jerusalem and the Jordan, gave her almost the odour of sanctity with her coloured brethren, who are very enthusiastic in their love for those holy places.

Nevertheless, it was a mournful parting from the old home when the hour came; and the older negroes, who had refused to leave the place, or the General's service, although now free men, declaring they knew "ole massa" would never drive them out of their cabins, and had remained tenants at will, crowded around them with tearful eyes and loud lamentations, as the travelling-carriage which was to take them to the railway-station, drew

up at the door. Wild was the wailing, deep the sobs of these impulsive children of Africa, as the carriage moved away; and many a good wish and blessing was sent after the party by the dusky friends they left behind them to the tender mercies of the new proprietor of the property, a noted Northern Emancipationist, full of theories, who losing his money and his temper after a year's trial, sold the place back to a distant relative of the Prescott family, and returned to his native New Hampshire, a sadder, a poorer, and perhaps a wiser man: as most of his speculative brethren finally did. For the negro never would and never did fraternize or dwell in concord with the men from the North, who did not understand, and could never manage him as the Southerners always did. On this occasion, loud and liberal were the offers

that, if ole massa and young missis would only stay, they would work for nothing for the family, and keep up the old place as it always had been kept up. Tears were in the eyes of the General and his daughter as they drove away, without daring to look back, their minds filled with bitter and sweet memories: while old Celia, leaning out of the carriage window, waved her handkerchief in farewell, until the place and people were out of sight.

They passed through the city of Columbia, on their way to the railway-station, and here the old was rapidly giving place to the new. A great change had come over the place and people, hard to define, harder still to describe, but radical and revolutionary in its character. The burned district had long since been rebuilt, and looked more busy and thriving than before, though now in the

hands of strangers, attracted from the North, in the business quarter of the city. But the private residences, in what was no longer a garden city (since the trees and the gardens had shared the fate of the houses, and could not so soon be renewed) with their air of quiet refinement and homely comfort, had been replaced by more commonplace wooden buildings, in the construction of which taste was conspicuously absent. Place and people seemed both possessed by a feverish spirit of speculation. The old faces had gone, and were succeeded by new ones: seemingly of a different race, and certainly of a different stamp from those of the former residents, in all the places of business. The old population, like that of Venice under Austrian rule, secluded themselves as much as possible, and like them were clad in mourning,

with sadness and weariness stamped both on face and figure. Something shabby, squalid, and sordid, had replaced the refinement and gaiety of the olden times, when Columbia was the centre of reunion for the gallant "chivalry" of South Carolina, who took but little heed for the morrow, but thoroughly enjoyed to-day.

The prominence given the black population, male and female, was one of the most conspicuous features of this changed aspect of the streets; from the coloured dandy, to the slouching field-hand, from the female quadroon in fashionable attire, to the awkward and slatternly black wench in tattered and greasy rags, lounging along the pavements, and elbowing insolently every white woman they met. All, men and women, disdaining honest labour as the badge of former slavery, and filling the workhouse and jail to over-

flowing, whenever a judge or justice could be found fearless enough to punish the evil-doing of these "wards of the nation" —as the demagogues affectionately termed them.

The character and demeanour of their former masters had undergone almost as marked a change. The gay recklessness, the jovial frankness and open heartedness, had been burned out of them in the furnace, seven times heated, into which they had been cast during and after the war; and empty sleeves, scars and crutches among the men, gave token of past battles. A settled sadness was to be seen on all faces, blended with vain regrets and memories of the "Lost Cause;" and on the faces of the older men, the stamp of sterner feelings still. The younger generation, as was natural, seemed to have accepted the situation

more cheerfully, and manfully worked for their daily bread in new pursuits, even in those for which their education and training had never fitted them; animated by the proper pride, which teaches that all honest work is honourable. But the old Southern life and character seemed as rapidly fading into oblivion, as the dead and buried Confederacy, which survived its birth but four years, and was then inurned amidst a people's tears and anguish.

Columbia herself was no longer the home of the Muses and Graces—the seat of leisure and refinement—but a bustling mart of trade, and political centre, with the negro and his *confrère* the Yankee carpet-bagger, lording it over the dispossessed and disfranchised landowners and former proprietors, in the places of trade, the seat of learning, and the State

House, wherein legislation was made a matter of barter, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.

The carriage was stopped at the "*State House*," a stately marble building which had escaped the flames, owing to its isolated situation in the midst of extensive grounds; and wherein negro and carpet-bagger were holding high carnival, under the auspices of the Commune, which was parodying the worst scenes of the French Revolution—under the same watchword of equality. A coloured man, well dressed, with an intelligent face, came to the carriage window and respectfully addressed the General, who with head bowed down, had looked neither to the right nor the left, as they had passed through the town. General Prescott looked up as the man spoke, and recognized the acknowledged leader of the Negro

members of the legislature—the blacks constituting seven-eighths of the members of that body at that period. "General!" said the man, "me and William Simmons, your old servant, runs this here legislature, and can pass any bill we chooses, spite of de Yankee white trash dat chiefly does de job. Now we bin talkin' over your gwine away, and we wants you to stay; for you was always kind to de cullered people in de ole time. Now, we know you lost all your property but de ole place; and if its money makes you leave, we will put a little Bill trough de House, for as much as you say. We does it ebbery day; and you can stay quiet 'mong your own people! what you say? Eh!"

"But," said the General, surprised and touched equally by this remarkable proposal, the humorous side of it chiefly affecting him: "you know I spend

always a great deal of money, and no small sum would keep me comfortable; and the Carpet-baggers would object."

"Oh!" snapping his fingers, "dat for the Carpet-baggers" was the reply. "We kick dem out some day soon, but dey make no fuss, if we let dem steal plenty. Dey make bargain wid us always. Besides de money not come out of our pockets. We gets it out of de State Treasury! Never you mind. Draw up de bill, and we puts it right trough for you, and no mistake. We wants you and de rest of de good old kind to stay, for we are good South Callinians, though we are coloured people too."

Declining this liberal offer with thanks, and with a real feeling of gratitude for the sentiment which had prompted it, the General got out of the carriage, and

accompanied by the coloured leader of the House, ascended the marble steps of the capitol: and for the first time witnessed a spectacle, which he never forgot to his dying day.

The whole space of the vestibule, and the passages leading to the Legislative Chamber, were choked up and thronged by a noisy, tumultuous, and drunken crowd of dirty negroes of the most repulsive and brutal description; the lowest scum and sweepings of the black population; congregated there by the same instinct which summons the carrion crow to the spot, where some creature is in its death throes, that it may fatten on its carcase. For here—like a modern Prometheus—the State of South Carolina was chained down, and on her liver the foul birds, black and white, were gorging themselves under the mockery of legislation!

Forcing their way through this turbulent, shouting and disorderly mass of negroes—with difficulty kept outside the Legislative Chamber, and occasionally surging into it, and with difficulty expelled—the General and his conductor entered the spacious Assembly Room, wherein almost the counterpart of the scene outside was being enacted. The President, a black man, was pounding fiercely on his desk, to bring the noisy and tumultuous assembly, in which a few white faces could be seen, to order; but only adding to the noise and confusion, since no attention was paid him. The negro members, in various stages of drunkenness, were standing, sitting and sprawling over the seats and benches, their coats off, their battered hats on, smoking, spitting, bawling and quarrelling amidst a deafening din, in the midst of which

several gesticulating speakers were endeavouring to make themselves heard: and striving in vain. All was confusion, chaos and noise, without order and method; and the aisles were all crowded with more negroes of all types, classes, and conditions, but chiefly of the baser sort, hungry to prey on the carcase of the State.

The spacious galleries above, from which in former days the beauty and wit of the female population was wont to "rain down influence and adjudge the prize," to the eloquent declaimers of a Chamber and State, wherein eloquence seemed a natural product of the soil, were now filled with coloured prostitutes of all classes, from the gaudily-dressed quadroon or octoroon in her finery, to the coarse kitchen wench in her greasy garments; and freely circulating among them were the so-called legislators, white and black, helping to swell the

chorus of shouts, shrieks, and laughter, which increased the din on every side. The white men, occasionally dotting the black-covered chess-board below, were chiefly of the class and kind depicted by Thomas Carlyle in his terrible picture of the crowd surrounding the scaffold of Marie Antoinette. "Angry dog-faces, cunning fox-faces, snarling wolf-faces, sullen ox-faces, grinning ape-faces," constituting the "thieving Carpet-baggers," so sternly denounced by Horace Greeley, the father of the Abolition party. And, like those old Roman patricians of the better time, given by Couture in his famous pictures of "Rome in its Decadence," stern, silent, scornful but undaunted, might be seen the manly visages of five or six South Carolinians of the old stamp, chained by a sense of a duty to their State and compatriots to a fellowship

with this crew of Comus, but inwardly bleeding under the hard necessity.

General Prescott felt he could not breathe in this stifling atmosphere. With a heart swelling with wounded patriotism, and loathing for the scene and its actors, he turned abruptly round, thrust aside the jeering and insolent negroes who barred his way, yet from old habit cowered before his look and gesture, and strode away from the desecrated place, which had so often echoed to his eloquent voice in better days.

Drawing a deep breath as he emerged into the open air, he shook the dust from his feet, and gave vent at last to his long-pent-up emotions of disgust and scorn. "Yes," he said aloud, "better, a thousand times, a home among infidels than in such a Christian country as this! God help my poor friends who cannot deliver them-

selves from the body of this death, as I am doing; and give them and South Carolina a speedy deliverance."

With this heartfelt prayer, he descended the steps, jumped into the carriage alongside his daughter, who had awaited his return with great anxiety, and averting his head from the building, whose outward purity was so little an emblem of its interior now, was rapidly driven to the railway-station a mile distant.

CHAPTER V.

THE OLD REBEL CAPITAL, AND A GLIMPSE OF GENERAL LEE.

"After winter cometh summer. After night day returneth. After the storm cometh a great calm."—
Thomas à Kempis.

THE journey from Columbia to Richmond, the first stopping-place by rail, was a tedious and depressing one.

Although bounteous Mother Nature had spread her healing mantle over most of the scars of war, and the ground was once more green with the coming harvest, yet some signs of the past struggle were still visible in the dilapidated fences and wrecked mansions, which the poverty of the people had not permitted them yet to

rebuild or repair. Many of the larger plantations also were only partially under culture, and chiefly by the white people; the negro, in the first flush of freedom, disdainfully refusing to work for his former masters, and regarding labour in any shape as the badge of slavery.

This was especially the case in the two Carolinas, where white men were working manfully in the otherwise deserted fields, and white women doing the house-work, with hands uneducated to labour. But after passing the Virginia line, fewer signs of the political earthquake were visible: and the country wore a more smiling face.

But along the whole route, up to the gates of Richmond, at every railway-station which they passed, or at which they stopped, no white people were to be seen, except the railway employees. They

were busied in the fields, or at other work; but crowds of lounging negroes, male and female, swarmed around the stations, doing nothing and desirous of doing nothing, drinking bad whisky and smoking villainous tobacco in clay pipes, keeping up noisy conversation with each other with the use of much profane language, noisy laughter, and quarrelling, and showing either scant civility or actual rudeness to the passengers who descended from the railway carriages, for rest or refreshments, such as the rude station-houses afforded. One marked and noticeable peculiarity in these crowds of negroes was the absence of children of less than four years of age! Of children in arms there were none! Infanticide was fearfully common, almost universal among the negro mothers, who found the children, for the first time, left a charge upon them,

immediately after the war; and the race seemed destined to extinction in that terrible and shocking manner. Through the mournful pine barrens of North Carolina, where the winds seemed whispering dirges through the scanty foliage of those bastard palms, the railway trains slowly dragged their weary way, with the "snake fences" made of rails, forming a kind of lane for the road, when a cotton plantation with only a corner under cultivation was passed. But the route was chiefly through woodlands, or waste places, once cultivated and now abandoned. But once over the border in Virginia, the prospect brightened. The funereal pine-tree was replaced by the hickory and oak, with a dense growth of underbrush, and the earth carpeted with verdure, instead of the fallen pine-leaves. The houses and farms seemed better cared for, the fields more

carefully cultivated, with the fences in better repair, and the cattle less lean and shaggy: and the whispers of hope once more banished the sad suggestions of despair, which the sombre scenery and surroundings of the pine-tree State had evoked in the spirits of both father and daughter, on their way to exile.

Approaching Richmond more cheerful still was the aspect of both place and people. For with that wonderful elasticity of temperament and character with which Providence has endowed them, these descendants of the cavaliers, like unbent bows, had sprung back into their original form, and turning their backs defiantly on the past, looked forward only to the future. The old Confederate capital showed none of the scars of war or fire, nor any marks of the still more recent wounds of reconstruction, on the Brownlow Plan; to which

latter indeed her unfortunate citizens had never been subjected. For the yoke of the North had been laid far more lightly on Virginia, through some caprice of the conqueror, than on her "erring sisters" further south; although she might, if as penitent as St. Paul, have like him declared herself "chief of sinners," as regarded the War of Secession.

Whatever the reason or the motive may have been, certain it was that, after the first ferment over President Lincoln's assassination had subsided in the north, the old Confederate capital received an influx of Northern men and Northern capital, which caused her to rise from her ashes, clad in finer raiment, and richer than ever before.

The buildings looked fresh and new, the streets gay with a well-dressed crowd of people hurrying through them, with

brisk alacrity, intent on business or pleasure; well-appointed carriages filled with well-dressed ladies, and cavaliers galloping by on horseback; shops equalling those of the Northern cities, and the wharves on James River busy with the hum of commerce. The whole population seemed brisk, busy and prosperous, with scarcely a scar left on the fair face of the former famous rebel capital to show that the burning ploughshare of war had passed over it but three years before: and the three dread sisters, Fire, Famine, and Slaughter, had been her unwelcome visitors.

The negro element, so predominating farther south, was perceptible only in the presence of a smartly-uniformed body of negro police, which, separately organized, shared with an equal number of white police, the guardianship of peace and order: with a small sprinkling of idle and lounging

negroes, enjoying the supreme pleasure of doing nothing, and basking in the sunshine in the public grounds—the only drones in this busy hive.

A shade passed over the face of Gen. Prescott, as these scenes in the distance, once so familiar, now so changed and undergoing hourly transformation still, passed before his vision, darkened by retrospection; and old memories came back freshly, renewing themselves, and recalling the palmy days of the Confederacy, when last he had marched through the capital at the head of his troop, to join General Lee in the wilderness where the two great champions of North and South confronted each other. Then Richmond had presented the appearance of a camp, instead of its present peaceful aspect, and almost every man who paced those streets with measured martial tread, wore the Con-

federate grey—then regarded as the badge of patriotism—but now of rebellion. Then ever and anon, with small intermission, the distant, sullen roar of cannon, and rattling crash of small arms, blended with drum-beat and bugle-call, with the occasional rumbling passage of heavy ambulances, laden with dead and wounded soldiers, through those very streets, testified to the dread game at which former brethren were engaged with equal earnestness, and equal conviction of the righteousness of the cause for which each contended.

To the young maiden, whose first visit to Richmond this was, no such clouds were visible to the mind's eye, to mar the beauty of the city and its surrounding scenery, framed in a sky as cloudless and as blue as that of Italy, with distant glimpses of the picturesque and now historic James

River, on whose banks were the stately residences of many of the proudest of the old aristocracy of Virginia, "great mother of statesmen," as her sons proudly termed her.

The young girl marvelled that so fair a scene should cloud the brow she so loved and venerated, but a moment's reflection recalled the reason why; and she blushed painfully at the thought of the heedless egotism, which had made her for a moment forgetful, as she checked the exclamation of delight on her lips, as she turned towards her father to make him a sharer in her admiration. The General paused a moment before the noble monument, which Virginia had erected in front of the public grounds, to the memory of her dead heroes. Reverently taking off his hat as he stood there, he drew a deep breath, which sounded like a sigh, and turning abruptly,

strode rapidly away, with his daughter's caressing touch resting on his arm. As they passed through the streets towards their hotel, many of those they encountered took off their hats to the veteran, whose face and figure were well known by the older inhabitants. But he stopped to speak to no one, silently returning the salutations, and striding rapidly forward, as though desirous of escaping recognition or conversation, until, reaching the hotel, he retired to his own room, where he passed the rest of the day in writing, and in retrospection of the days that were dead, and of the friends and comrades interred with them.

Late that night, just before retiring to rest, Helen heard a rap at the door of her room, where she was sitting alone, and opening it, saw, standing there, a man, who in height, figure, and snowy beard, seemed

almost the counterpart of her father. In him she immediately recognized the beloved and venerated Confederate hero, General Robert E. Lee, whose face was as familiar to all Southerners, from the innumerable portraits of it, as his name was deeply engraved on their hearts ; the man who of all men, morally as well as mentally, so nearly approached Washington—the heir to whose estate he had been —and who impartial historians hereafter must class with that purest and most unselfish of patriots, yet with more than a woman's modesty, in his own estimate of himself and of his deeds.

As a patriot, like Falkland in England's great Civil War—from the first hour prophetic of its ending, and with the word "*Peace*" engraven ever on his inmost heart, amidst the angry excitement of the armed conflict—as a general, for four years

protracting the unequal struggle against fearful odds, to the world's wonder, and surrendering only to spare useless effusion of blood, when men, munitions, supplies, and even hope were wanting to protract the inevitable ending—the memory of such a man alone would prove sufficient to give the Southern Confederacy its proper place in the annals of coming generations.

Helen, to her dying day, never forgot the expression of the grand heroic face which looked down with such fatherly kindness into the face of the daughter of his friend, whose manifold bereavements were well known to him. On the broad open brow and regular features—of the type of the ancient Greek demi-god—combining infinite power with infinite benevolence—seemingly passionless in its lofty calm—there was stamped the seal of ineffaceable sorrow and pain, successfully sub-

dued, but still smouldering within, and never to be thoroughly extinguished except by death.

As a specimen of genuine manhood—of the born king by the real grace of God—Robert Lee had no peer among the crowned kings of Europe; and the sway he exercised over the hot-blooded Confederates, even after "The Cause" was lost, was that of loving reverence for the man who towered, like Saul, a head and shoulders over all other leaders in that civil strife, into which he was drawn by a sense of duty, against his interests and his personal inclination, when the arbitration of the sword was adopted by Northern and Southern politicians.

Summoned speedily by his daughter, General Prescott silently grasped the hand of his old commander, and the two spent several hours in conference, and in sad

retrospection of what had been—and what might have been—but which in God's good providence was never to be.

At parting, General Prescott, with a touch of regret in his voice, said to his friend,—

"General, many of us believe that, had you accepted the proposal made you, early in the war, to replace Jefferson Davis, and act as head of the Confederacy, we should have been spared many misfortunes, and perhaps have ultimately succeeded. Our diplomacy, and the action of our Executive, lost us what our army gained."

General Lee smiled sadly. "My friend!" he replied, "you presuppose two things: firstly, that I ever was authoritatively requested to supersede Jefferson Davis; and secondly, that had I done so the final result might have been different.

"Waiving the first point, which is now immaterial, I have only to say, with reference to the second, that I concur fully in the sentiment uttered over Lincoln's grave by a Northern Senator: 'In the providence of God there is no such thing as chance.' The end must have been the same in any event."

General Prescott bowed his head in assent. "But," he resumed, "what do you now propose? To continue a college president, and renounce the profession of which you have been and are, one of the highest living illustrations! Join me, my venerated friend! and in foreign service, and with new surroundings, begin a new life, and forget the painful memories which poison our lives here!"

"No," sadly responded General Lee, "my good friend, that may not be. I shall die,

as I have lived, among my people : and be buried in the soil of Virginia."

"But," impatiently interrupted the hot-blooded Carolinian : "the Federals have stolen your grave from you in advance. Your bones cannot rest at Arlington, your old home, which descended to your family from General Washington. It reserves no place for your ashes. It has been converted into a national cemetery, and thirty thousand Federal soldier's bodies deposited there to make their title good : although the august memory of the Father of his country might have protected the soil, his presence and memory had hallowed."

The great Confederate chieftain held up his hand deprecatingly. "Such talk is idle, and more than idle. Let that pass It matters little where a man's bones may lie. Much more it imports where and

how he lives. Were I a South Carolinian, perhaps I might imitate your example. But in Virginia the reign of law has been restored, at least partially. We have no negro Legislature, nor negro and carpet-bag rule, such as you have; and already from the ashes of the Revolution fresh fires are being kindled, and a new Virginia reconstructed.

"But," said General Prescott, "the negro vote in several of the Southern States is greater than the white, and may secure negro ascendency there."

A sad smile lighted up for a moment the grave countenance of General Lee.

"Our Northern brethren," he said, emphasizing the words, though without bitterness, "are doing us a brotherly act unwittingly, in securing to the South more power in the councils of the re-united States than ever before!"

"How?" asked the astonished Carolinian. "In what way?"

"In this way," answered General Lee. "They are giving the right of suffrage, and of congressional representation, to the manumitted slaves. In this they have made a double mistake: firstly, in increasing the Southern representation in Congress by forty members; and secondly, in supposing that the Freedmen will vote with them, and against us. For you ought to know the negro well enough to be sure, that after the first effervescence has passed, he will send back his old master to Congress to represent him, through his contempt and jealousy for men of his own colour. I venture the prediction, that in five years' time the whole Southern vote will be solid for the Democratic Party. 'Curses, like chickens, come home to roost,' as the old proverb says:

and the attempt to control the Southern whites through their former slaves, will only give our children greater sway than ever before, over the legislation of the country. The negro vote may give a Southern President to the country, ere many years have passed."

General Prescott listened in respectful silence, although he thought his friend's prediction a very wild one; but did not attempt to discuss the question.

"It is growing late," said General Lee, rising," and you have to prepare for your voyage to-morrow morning, so I must leave you; with heartfelt prayers for the health and happiness of you and yours, in the land of your exile. God bless you both!"

Laying his hand on the bowed head of the young girl, he stooped and kissed her fair brow, wrung his old comrade's hand,

and the moment after that noble presence passed out of their sight for ever: while father and daughter felt that a good man's parting benediction would carry a blessing with it.

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE FEDERAL CAPITAL—OUR FRIENDS THE ENEMY.

General Prescott and his daughter made the transit from Richmond to the Federal capital by night, passing through places rendered famous and historical by many bloody battles, every inch of which was stubbornly contested for by the armies of Grant and Lee, until the final surrender at Appomatox. So many painful reminiscences clustered around those spots, for the veteran, that he preferred passing through them in the night-time, although busy memories prevented sleep from visiting his eyelids.

The girl awakened on their arrival at the Washington depôt, at sunrise, surveyed the scene with eager curiosity, never before having visited the Federal capital, and the panoramic picture which met her view was well worthy of admiration; unique of its kind, and differing from that of all other capital cities in the Eastern or Western hemisphere. Washington is a city set apart upon a hill, with its Acropolis culminating in the Capitol building, which keeps watch and ward over the hundred and fifty thousand resident inhabitants of that ever-busy hive, where all of the nation's business and much of its enjoyment are concentrated for eight months in the year, with only a summer vacation, shared by the whole population. Like Richmond, Washington had undergone a transformation in the three years succeeding the war: a transformation

which had converted a straggling, ill-built country town into a great and growing city, destined to be one of the most attractive and charming residences in the United States. Not only had the population and the area of the city immensely increased, but through the energy and taste of the American Haussman—Governor Shepheard—a small Paris had usurped the place of the "city of magnificent distances," as it had justly been denominated hitherto; the original plan and purposes of its founders never before having been carried out, and now being greatly improved upon and extended, to make a capital worthy of a country with fifty millions of population. Could the ghost of the Father of his country return to take a brief glimpse of the city he founded, bearing his name, his bewilderment would equal that of Rip Van Winkle, on revisit-

ing the Village of Falling Waters, after his twenty years' slumber.

The greater part of this transformation had been effected since the war, when men of wealth, leisure and culture had flocked to the capital, where they found a society less provincial than that of Boston, less busy than that of New York, Philadelphia, and the Western cities, and more tranquil than those of the South.

The Marble Capitol had literally taken wings unto itself, though not to fly away, and was now surmounted by a bronze statue of Liberty which, like a guardian angel, seemed to look down protectingly on the fair city, and the historic Potomac winding like a glittering serpent along its boundary-line.

On the other side could be seen a "wilderness of buildings," public and private, broad boulevards fringed with

green trees extending for four miles to the adjoining suburb of Georgetown, now a portion of the new city, whose antique aspect contrasts as strongly with that of its more modernized neighbour, as did the ancient Continental inhabitants with their spruce and dapper descendants, resembling more the Parisian than the Puritan or the Cavalier, formerly constituting the "Republican court" of the stately "Lady Washington," as she was aptly termed.

As Congress was in session, the broad Pennsylvania Avenue, the great artery of the city, swarmed with pedestrians on the side-walks, while the carriage-way was blocked with carriages, and the ever-crowded tramcars ceaselessly passing up and down from the "White House," or Presidential mansion, at the one end, to the Capitol at the other extremity. On the Avenue might be observed all sorts

and conditions of men, of all nationalities and all colours, including the negro, who had made Washington his Mecca immediately after the war, in the vain hope of obtaining place and plunder, deluded by the magnificent promises of his professing friends at the North, which ended in very small performances the moment he ceased to be used as a political engine for crushing and controlling the South. Most of the blacks presented a most vagabond and poverty-stricken appearance, although occasionally a coloured exquisite might be encountered, apishly imitative of the exotic or native specimens of those human butterflies; or a coloured woman tricked out in more than Parisian finery, and flaunting her gaudy attire and strongly-scented person in the sunshine, on a footing of perfect equality with her more pallid sisters. Possessed of faultless

figures and most graceful walk, the mulatto women especially seemed most attractive specimens of their sex when followed: but dire was the disappointment on passing them and looking back, to see the African, or partial African characteristics stamped on the coloured face, coquettishly half-concealed under the fringed parasol.

Through this busy and shifting crowd the General, with his daughter clinging nervously to his arm, strode along, his brow sternly contracted, a half-bitter, half-amused expression on his face, towering above the crowd with his lofty stature, and occasionally acknowledging the salutation of some passing acquaintance. But he stopped to speak with none of these, until near the "White House," there came slowly up the Avenue to meet them, a square-shouldered, erect man of middle height, with a square face covered with

a short dark beard, regular features, devoid of much expression, dark eyes, which did not look observant but rather introspective, and a lounging rather than a soldierly bearing. Something about the man indicated the soldier, although he was in civilian dress, his head bent down, his hands clasped behind him. In his mouth was a very large segar, which he was puffing at vigorously, emitting clouds of smoke which floated behind him as he walked along, as though a small steam-engine were passing by. People whom he passed generally touched their hats to him, which he slightly acknowledged by touching his own hat with his forefinger, in a most nonchalant and indifferent manner. As he approached General Prescott and his daughter, a look of mutual recognition brightened the faces of both men, who stepped forward and heartily

shook hands, after which General Prescott, turning to his daughter, said,—

"Helen, let me present our old enemy and good friend, General Grant, my old classmate at West Point, besides other things; one of which is President of the United States."

The girl, whose ideas of the heroic were cast in a different mould, than that which the prosaic presence of this common-looking man suggested at first view, stared in astonishment, gasped for breath, muttering some indistinct words of greeting, as General Grant took her hand in his own, and replied,—

"Yes, my dear young lady, your father and myself are very old friends: and I never forget my friends, right or wrong, as he can tell you."

Having made this, for him, long speech, the sincerity of which was evidenced by

his tone and manner, the General puffed away at his segar as though his life depended upon it. "Our old friend Sherman is also here," he said, after a pause. "He will be glad to see you, too—and here he comes," he added, as a tall angular man with close-cropped, reddish-grey hair and moustache, and a closely-shaven face seamed with innumerable wrinkles, came swinging rapidly up the street, his sharp grey eyes roving restlessly around him in every direction, switching a cane in his hand, as though to relieve the superfluous bodily and mental activity, which did not admit of rest in any shape.

"Ha!" he said, as his restless eye fell on the ex-Confederate, "as I live, that arch-rebel, General Prescott! Welcome, old friend! I suppose that pretty girl's your daughter—see the family likeness. Well, my dear, I suppose I know why you

both are here, and where you are going. Hope the Grand Turk won't take too great a fancy to you, and break the hearts of the young fellows over here, by keeping you there. As to Prescott, I expect to see him a pacha with three tails in no time. The Turks love a large, imposing-looking fellow like he is. They care nothing for such lean kine as myself. When do you start for the East? Been there lately myself, and can give you letters to some people there which will be of use to you. Sorry to lose you, and this pretty girl, but suppose you know your own business best. Why not do like Lee, and get the presidency of a college? You would make a grand old president, and always had a turn for literature and science. Don't you agree with me, General Grant, that Prescott is going to leave the country, just at the time we want such men to stay."

Uttering all this with the reckless rapidity which characterized all his movements of mind and body, General Sherman paused for breath, patting the pretty hand he still held in his own, as if to punctuate his remarks.

With equally characteristic deliberation, General Grant responded to the question addressed to himself. "I am sorry General Prescott leaves the country, for we do want men like him, and I never have doubted, that if the settlement of the question had been left to the soldiers or the people, we should have had peace at once. It is the politicians who are making all the trouble for the country—and for myself," he added modestly after a moment's hesitation.

Shaking hands cordially again with General Prescott and his daughter, the silent smoker, who like his European

compeer Von Moltke, said so little and did so much, though he could only be silent in one language, unlike the German who was said to have the talent of being so in seven, slowly sauntered away, a floating wreath of tobacco-smoke indicating the direction he had taken. They did not get rid so easily of General Sherman however, who rose to a pretty girl as readily as a trout to a fly: although his admiration and attentions were ever free from any taint of immorality or disrespect, being a Chevalier Bayard as regards the weaker sex, and a model husband and father. But as an admirer of the softer sex, there has been no man of whatever age in the United States, comparable to the war-worn veteran, the grim soldier, who threatened on his march to the sea, "that a crow flying over South Carolina, after he had passed, would have to carry its

own provisions with it," and who came as near as possible to keeping that threat. Such are the inconsistencies of human nature: which equally prevent our admiring or despising our fellows too much.

"Have you seen General Lee," asked General Sherman. "He was in town, and I know you would like to shake hands with him before you go; he seems awfully cut up, although as stately and dignified as ever. Fact is he is too conscientious and sensitive, takes things too much at heart, and shoulders other people's responsibilities. Great mistake that. They call me an 'ogre' and other hard names down South, but I don't care a button; can't please everybody you know, and war cannot be made with rose-water. Daresay this pretty girl of yours thought I was a cannibal before she saw me, but hope she'll have a better opinion of me, now she has seen that my

heart is still warm for old friends like you. Good-bye and God bless you both—And young lady! keep your heart and hand free, my dear girl, until you come back home, as you surely must. For foreign husbands with foreign notions don't suit American girls: and American men make the best husbands in the world. Sorry I haven't a son to stop you: but Providence and Mrs. Sherman have only left girls to me."

Rattling off all this with his usual disjointed rapidity of utterance, the eccentric but warm-hearted soldier shook hands with the father with the grip of a vice, wrung hard the daughter's hand also, and with long, swinging strides passed rapidly out of sight; returning the numerous salutations of those he passed, with a careless nod, or equally careless gesture of recognition.

From Washington to New York took but a few hours' railway travel, and in that great metropolis, destined to be the greatest of the world before another centennial be celebrated, they tarried only long enough to make the necessary preparations for their ocean voyage to Liverpool, on board the Cunard steamer *Bothnia*, with hearts relieved from a portion of the burden of sorrow, which for three years had weighed them down: yet not without some lingering regrets for the native land which they were now leaving, perhaps for ever. Once embarked and out at sea, when the ceaseless noises of the great city, which had during the past twenty-four hours almost deafened ears accustomed to the quiet of a country home, had died away in the distance, to be succeeded by the equally ceaseless but more soothing plashing of

the restless waves, and the mysterious murmurings of the mighty ocean, rest and peace slid into the weary souls of the exiles. The father, leaning against the bulwarks of the great ship, gazed wistfully at the receding outline of the distant shore, with straining eyes and mingled retrospections. The daughter, retiring to her cabin, fell on her knees, and prayed fervently for peace and prosperity in the new home to which they were hastening; with none of the regrets which possessed her father's mind—in maiden "meditation fancy free."

CHAPTER VII.

ON BOARD A CUNARDER.

An ocean steamer of the first class is a little world within itself, even in these days of increasingly fast transit, which threatens finally to convert the Atlantic Ocean into a steam ferry, and the time allowed for studying and classifying fellow-passengers correspondingly diminished thereby.

Yet much can be seen and learned even in the short space of eight or nine days, by observant eyes and quick perceptions, since the character and temper, as well as the person, under the close contact and disturbing influences prevailing on ship-board, are apt to be exhibited in *dishabille*,

and the salient traits and dispositions of the men and women exposed more clearly during those few days, than they would have been during as many months on shore.

But the observer must be favoured with an impenitent stomach, and with smooth weather, to make such observations successfully.

Both these auspicious circumstances combined to render the *Bothnia's* passage pleasant, and to permit her passengers to cultivate each other's acquaintance, without any disagreeable drawback or interruptions, or confidential communications with the steward or stewardess. The sky was clear, the wind light, the waters only gently heaving to its amorous whispers, and the minds and bodies of the voyagers as undisturbed as the sea and sky.

Under such circumstances, acquaintance-

ship, even intimacy, is easily made and improved at sea, between congenial people; who soon find each other out, and break up the company into little groups, having but slight communication thereafter with each other. The high-bred air and manner of the stately old General, and the witchery of his lovely daughter, soon made them prime favourites on board, with the diversified classes and conditions of men and women congregated together on the deck of the huge ship, a floating Leviathan compared to her pioneers of but twenty years ago. The usual varieties of class, condition and culture were to be found among the hundred first-class passengers on board the *Bothnia*, in which all nationalities almost figured; and as in Noah's ark, a specimen of each description was to be found, very often several of the same species.

The "old traveller," sublimely selfish, securing the best of everything for his own special use and accommodation; the "green hand" betraying his verdancy, and relegated to the lowest seat at the table, and the contingent remainders of the delicacies; the nervous passenger, snuffing danger and shipwreck in every passing cloud and rising breeze; the old young lady fantastically arrayed to imitate youthfulness; and the gushing young lady brimming over with Byron: as well as that mysterious specimen of womanhood neither old nor young, neither pretty nor ugly, but with winning manners and great persuasive powers, whether wife, maid, or widow, impossible to ascertain:—all these were there, mingled with astute Yankees, sharp of face and quick of speech, indolent-looking Southerners, brusque Western men, and nondescript New Yorkers chiefly on

French or English model: and, as usual, a few genuine unaffected ladies and gentlemen, who assumed no airs and played no part, but followed the advice of Shakespeare's Beatrice, and remained "as God made them."

Among the latter class, 'fit though few,' General Prescott and his daughter attached themselves, chiefly to a Western family coming from California—a portion of the Union which, from its remoteness, had been enabled to keep neutral during the four years agony of her elder sisters, and whose citizens therefore mingled as fraternally with the Southern as with the Northern people. The father was an old army officer—for many years retired from active service—who had converted his sword into a pruning-hook years before, and accumulated a large fortune in judicious land speculations in the Virgin

State, which grew like the fabled gourd of Jonah, but not like it to wither in a night: since a miniature Paris in beauty and in luxury was rapidly developing itself on the shores of the Pacific; and the prosperity of the young State was a marvel even to her progressive sisters.

The mother was a staid, sedate matron, of quiet manners and quiet ways, apparently overpowered and kept in a state of anxious anticipation by the eccentricities and unexpected vagaries of her daughter, a young woman of about twenty years of age, of whom you were puzzled perpetually to decide whether she were plain or pretty, pleasing or repulsive, feminine or unfeminine, on slight acquaintance; but whom you found to be perfectly fascinating and full of witchery, and possessed of a heart of gold, and more than

ordinary intelligence, when admitted to her intimacy. The frankness and fearlessness of Lillie Hancock, her utter disregard for the covenances and usages of society, her absolute independence of all conventional trammels of speech or action, constantly startled you, and shocked people "content to dwell in decencies for ever," and cutting out their conversation and walk on approved patterns. Not that she was either *gauche* or rustic, for she had had all the advantages and opportunities of high polish that education, culture, and foreign travel could give, in addition to intimate association with refined society from childhood. But, partly from her nature, partly from eccentricity, encouraged by her indulgent parents, she had become an original, and was a law to herself alone, saying and doing things which neither mature

women nor young girls, do or say; yet as pure in thought, conduct, and speech as chaste Diana, and above suspicion of any impropriety, as she was of saying what she did not think, or baulking herself in any whims, because other people might not approve of them. Lillie's story was a curious, and, strange to say, for one apparently so reckless and rough in speech, a truly romantic one. The two girls soon rushed into intimacy, widely differing as they did in almost every respect, as far as respective externals went, and perhaps because of that divergence; and Lillie told her new friend her entire history without reserve, in her own peculiar slangy way. For she was slangy, and interlaid her conversation with Western idioms, impossible for any writer but Bret Harte to reproduce, redolent of a new land and a new people, under en-

tirely new conditions of environment, life, and thought.

The Californian is an entirely new species of the Genus American; the Yankee and Southerner under new conditions and places, grafted on the Western pioneer and Indian fighter, or semi-savage, yet redolent of the auriferous soil and giant vegetation of the State which men yet living founded, and whose natural wonders are daily being developed for the first time. Old Celia was Lillie's special delight, and the intimacy between the two was rapid and complete, though the old negro woman, accustomed to the somewhat formal old South Carolina courtesy and reserve, even among families, seemed constantly on the verge of expostulating with the free and easy young girl, who seemed to respect nobody, and trampled on all social usages, as laid down

for young ladies. "I dunno—Miss Helen," the old woman said confidentially to her young mistress, after one of her long talks with Lillie, "wot to mek of dat gall. Sometimes I tink she little cracked, but jist den come sumting so sensible, dat ole Celia she's 'stonished young gall know so much. Den she laugh at ebbery body on board, 'cept you and de Gineral, own fadder and mudder jist as quick as enny-body else, and sometimes you scassly blive it, Miss Helen, she try fir to pull de wool ober ole Celia's eyes! but dis chile born too long ago fur dat.

"But she's got good warm heart wid all her nonsense, dat gall! I see her, when she didn't know nobody was lookin', t'other day, tek out her puss, and give gold piece to dat poor ooman wid de chillins in de steerage, one of dem poor white trash, dat de Ship Company treat wuss than our

meanest niggurs at home. I tell you dat gall puzzle ole Celia mightily, but she seem mighty fond of you. I hope she not putting her boy notions in your head, Miss Helen. Her way wouldn't do for you, nor nobody else but her own self, I reckon; but seems to suit her, somehow!"

Helen's own feelings about her new friend were perfectly expressed in Celia's homely phrase; for Lillie's character was a perpetual puzzle to her also. Noticing an ornament in gold, on which a monogram was inscribed, and which Lillie always wore, Helen inquired what it meant.

"Why, my child," answered her friend, "that is the most valued of all my jewellery. It is my fireman's badge, presented to me by my fast friends the Fire Company of San Francisco. Don't you know I'm a member of it, and 'always run with the

engine,' as they say; though of course I do not make my appearance during actual fires? What, you never have heard the story? Oh, I forgot you were one of those conceited South Carolinians, who never would come further north than the Virginia Springs, where all the 'Southern chivalry' assembled, and a Yankee never ventured to put his nose in: and you never were in California, so of course you could not."

"No," replied Helen, "it is all new to me. How and why did you become a fireman, if I can so express it; and what do you bear the badge for?"

"Oh. It is very simple. When I was a small child our house caught fire, and at midnight the firemen came in to rescue us, for the stairway had been burnt away. One of them awakened me, but I refused to go, unless he would promise me some-

thing first. He did promise and kept it. It was to go back and save my pet dog. The firemen were so pleased they made me a member of their Fire Company; and you may be sure my father contributed liberally to the company's engine-house, and expenses. They always call me 'My lady,' when they speak to or of me; and I bear their badge always, and subscribe to the expenses of running the engine. That is all there is about it."

To fully comprehend the contrast between the fair speaker and her speech, it was necessary to see her, as well as listen to her rapid and reckless talk. Nothing less masculine than her look and general appearance could be imagined. She was fat and fair, though far from forty, with a profusion of short-cut curly hair, clustering over a low broad brow and rebellious-looking head. Fun and frolic, and saucy

audacity were stamped upon the round face, with its small features, and eyes dancing with mischievous merriment. Perpetual movement characterized Lillie; it seemed impossible for her to stand or sit still for five consecutive minutes, and her tongue was as active as her limbs. But she talked wittily well, and had devoured many books in a slap-dash way, and was a keen observer of all that was passing around her, and a merciless mimic of foreign or native affectations in man or woman.

During her previous sojourn abroad the Californian heiress had of course attracted great attention, and had many aspirants for her hand—and gold-mines—among the needy nobility, who offered her a title in exchange, together with shaky constitutions and decayed morals. But Lillie only laughed at them, and returned home free

in heart and hand as ever, after the Parisian polishing process at the Sacré Cœur had been completed. She had had some curious experiences of Paris, however, after her emancipation from convent rules, one of which she used to relate with great gusto, as an example of the artificiality of everything Parisian. "I was always crazy about horses," she told Helen, "and the first thing I did, on getting out of the Sacré Cœur, and being launched by my fond parents, as a young lady, was to select the most showy pair of horses I could find, for our daily drives in the Bois de Boulogne. The *remise* man brought me a very fine pair to look at, but they had bob-tails, and I abhor a bob-tailed horse, and would not have them at any price. Explaining this, the civil Frenchman slightly shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Certainly the tastes of mademoiselle must

be respected. She is right, the flowing tail is the horse's greatest ornament. I have the pair which will precisely suit, and they shall be sent for this afternoon's drive. Their tails shall leave nothing to be desired."

"Well! the man kept his promise, and when I got into the carriage my heart swelled with pride, for the whole turnout was unexceptionable, the horses' tails included: which as he had promised, both in sweeping length and thickness, 'left nothing to be desired.' We drove to the Bois, and joined the long file of carriages which leisurely passed in procession along the lake, encountered and were accosted by many of our foreign acquaintances, some of whom were making assiduous court to my father's daughter. Among these was the Marquis de Gommeux, mounted on a fiery charger, and frequently

caracoling past, almost grazing the carriage wheels, and paying his attentions in a most marked manner, leaning over to say some nonsense of the frothy French description, in order to turn my silly young head, and gild his coronet with my father's dollars. Coming too near, his plunging horse struck one of ours. The high-spirited animal reared up, the driver lashed him with his whip, he plunged more furiously still, and then something happened at which, at the moment, I did not know whether to laugh or to cry, I was so mortified and so amused at the same time—but which I have laughed at till I cried, many times since.

"As our horse reared and plunged forward, almost upsetting the Marquis by a violent collision with his mettlesome steed, something like a huge broom was whisped through the air, hitting the

cavalier full in the face, and almost putting his eyes out; while his horse pranced more madly than before, and threw the whole line of carriages in confusion.

"In an instant I saw and understood, and was covered with confusion and anger, while I could hear like the hiss of serpents, the well-bred titter and suppressed laughter of the neighbours among whom our carriage was jammed in, so as to prevent instantaneous flight from the scene of our shame. It was one of the horses' flowing tails of which I had been so proud! which had been attached by the perfidious owner to meet my requirements, but so insecurely as not to stand the strain the excited animal had put upon it: and there we were the laughing-stock of the society, good, bad, and indifferent, which circulates on the Bois, and makes and unmakes fashionable reputations. The Marquis, with

his damaged eye, spurred furiously through the crowd and escaped: the love-light in his undamaged eye replaced by a look of mingled scorn, mortification, and fury; for no Frenchman, however careless about character or morals, can stand being made ridiculous, and forgive it. But we, jammed in among the carriages, could not escape so easily, and had to do penance for what seemed to me an age, before we could get out of the crush and drive furiously home, with one long and one bob-tailed horse, on neither of which, as you may suppose, I ever set eyes again.

"Very amusing, isn't it? But I can tell you it was anything but funny to me then: and I never saw the Marquis de Gommeux again, any more than the horses, and his tarnished coronet was never gilded by California gold, all in consequence of this tale of woe!"

Helen laughed heartily. "But is it really true, Lillie?" she said. "Did it really happen to you? I read a similar story in Bret Harte's Poems. Have you not embroidered that to amuse me!"

"Why, bless your innocent heart!" responded Lillie, "that is only my adventure put in verse. Bret is an Old California friend of ours, and he stole the story, saying it was too good to be lost. His 'Count Cask-o-Whiskey' is my marquis, and your humble servant was the heroine of the adventure! Bob Bowie, of Sacramento, a great admirer of mine, who was in Paris at the time, wanted to go and horse-whip the carriage man; and I had to use all my influence to persuade him not to do so.

"The whole thing was very French, wasn't it? Our old friend, Judge Mason,

of Virginia, once said Paris was 'like a shirt all frill,' and he was more than half right! They live chiefly on shows and shams, those Parisians! and the truth is very little in them."

With such reminiscences of foreign experiences, including innumerable flirtations with young, elderly, and old gentlemen in various climes and countries, the California heiress amused and instructed her unsophisticated companion. But they were not left to their own devices for killing time, since no sooner did the two damsels make their appearance on deck than there was quite a stir and commotion among the male element congregated there: and a simultaneous movement in their direction with lounging-chairs, and wraps, and other requisites for feminine comfort at sea. The two girls were so different, yet both so attractive, each in

her own way, that their admirers comprised very widely different kinds of men and boys—Lillie's tastes being omnivorous, Helen's much more restricted.

Among the most devoted and assiduous attendants on the two girls—to both of whom he seemed equally devoted—was a young Oriental, dressed in the Stambouli or Turkish-European military costume, with its straight-collared clerical-looking frock-coat, with brass buttons and gilt shoulder-straps, tight-fitting military pantaloons, with gold braid running down the sides, and jaunty red fez cap with silk tassel on the head. Beardless, except for a silky black moustache which fringed his upper lip, the young man was strikingly prepossessing in manner as well as in face and figure, his features were regular: his eyes large, dark, and lustrous, with an almost feminine sweetness about the mouth when

he smiled, and a voice almost musical in its cadences, never elevated to any higher pitch than a confidential undertone. Like many of the young men educated abroad by the Sultan's orders, Pancaldi Bey was not a Turk, but an Armenian Christian, a scion of one of the oldest and richest families of that race at Stamboul.

His ancestors, for three generations, had filled high offices of trust in the public service and at the Sublime Porte, in all of which they had so acquitted themselves as to accumulate wealth and influence.

One of his remote ancestors, it is true, had met a different reward, which was commemorated on his tombstone in the Armenian cemetery at Ortakuei, near Constantinople, where his effigy was carved on the monumental stone, holding his head in his hands, as typical of his

final ending by the headsman, under one of the elder Sultans, who considered he had a divine right to all his subjects' heads as well as to their property. His ancestor was a banker, and unpatriotic and foolish enough to demur at letting the Commander of the Faithful have a loan, on no security but the Imperial promise: consequently the paternal monarch, to punish such conduct and prevent its being imitated, caused the banker's head to be cut off, and the larger portion of his estate confiscated, although enough had been concealed by the prudent financier in foreign securities to keep the family rich and comfortable. This slight unpleasantness however, had not created a permanent coolness between the family and the Imperial line: and the Pancaldis had continued for successive generations to serve the Government, to their own advantage and that of the Sublime Porte,

among whose most astute and adroit diplomatists they continued to be, without interruption, from father to son. More ambitious and less mercenary than his progenitors, who loved money first, the Armenian Church next, and the human family outside of the members of their own, as they did the Sultan's service, just for what was to be made out of them, this young branch of the old tree had attached himself to the person of the Sultan as aide-de-camp, with handsome nominal pay, never expected to be, and never paid—(except one month's appointments, on the Greater and Lesser Bairam festivals, and the Sultan's anniversaries, in depreciated paper currency, often unsaleable at any price) and was handsomely supported by his family for the honour of the thing, and the jobs his influence and position could help them to. So he flaunted before the

public, a fine bird in fine feathers, and was as much beloved and respected by his Ottoman colleagues and associates, as any "Rayah dog of a Christian" could possibly be by the true believer. Safe, however, under royal protection from open insult or secret harm on the part of the Mussulman employees or high officials—sent to London to be educated and trained at the state's expense, made an aide soon after his return, and given a place on this mission to America because of his knowledge of the language and the ways of the Giaours—the young man was well content with his lot, and his future prospects.

Combined with his personal advantages was a manner and address of the most insinuating kind. To the two old officers he was ever deferential and respectful, to their daughters a devoted cavalier, so

equally dividing his attentions that neither the closest observer, nor the girls themselves, could detect any preference on his part for either of them.

An excellent linguist, speaking English and French with equal fluency, and with much superficial information skilfully made use of, smooth in speech and manner, of unruffled good temper always, the young Oriental was popular with the men—although they regarded him as somewhat effeminate—and still more popular with the softer sex, to whom most of his time and efforts were devoted. For he greatly preferred talking to reading, and took no part in the games and amusements, by which the men attempted to kill the slowly revolving hours on board ship.

One small trait in the character of the seductive Armenian did not escape the

quick observation of Lillie Hancock, who watched him with less favourable eyes than her guileless companion, who was enthusiastic in her praises of this Eastern "admirable Crichton."

He took an eager and an active interest in all the wagers made on the ship's daily run, on the games at shuffle-board, and all other games of chance or skill, though keeping away from the card-room; seemed elated when he won, and correspondingly depressed when fortune went against him. Old Celia's opinion was given with her usual frankness, and was not so favourable as that of most of the passengers.

"Tell you, young missis, dat Turk boy jist like cat; he so slick, so smooth, and so sly, all same time. He slip about too jist like our ole Tom at home. Nebber

kin tell when he's comin', and first ting you know, dar he is, a purrin' and a rubbin' agenst you. Got sharp claws too under dem velvet paws, you bet; when he gits mad wid sumbody, he trow down de eyes, so nobody kin see de debbil in 'em, but he trimble all over, like man wid de dum ager down in de ole Caroliner Swamps. Jess like cat, I tell you! Wouldn't truss him too fur, young missises, if I was you! He berry polite to ole Celia, she's got no call to say nuttin agenst de boy: only I tink he got no country, nor no religion, nor no morrils, to care much about. He gree wid eberyboddy's pinions 'pears to me, and ainst got nun of him own."

Helen was indignant at Celia's appreciation of the character of this young Prince Charming, but Lillie only laughed and

said, "You're jealous, Aunt Celia, because he only makes love to Helen and to me, and not to you? Do you think he is really in love with both of us at the same time, or with which of us? I confess I can't find out what the man means, or what he is after."

Old Celia shook her head wisely, glanced at her young mistress deprecatingly, and answered, "Ole Celia tink, when he find which got most money, he try to git dat one. She tink he care great deal more for hisself dan ennybody else; and she ain't got much 'pinion of dese outlandish furriners, dat shets up dere wimmin, and has a houseful of wives at once, when dey're at home. Dats what ole Celia tink about it, and you young galls better mine what de ole woman says." The subject of these discussions, calmly confident in his

own fascinations, and the progress he was making in the good graces of the two young girls, pursued the even tenour of his way, and divided his attentions so equally as to disarm the suspicion of any special preference for either. He was lively and loquacious with the restless and vivacious Lillie, serious and sentimental with the gentle Helen, and so continued to be until the voyage was over. If he had "intentions," as anxious mothers term them, he gave no clue to what those intentions were; and held the balance between the brunette and the blonde, with an unwavering hand.

Surrounded, as the girls ever were, by the other gentlemen on board, all the time they remained on deck or in the public saloon, there was little if any opportunity afforded for actual courtship, or avowals of

love on the part of any amorous swain: for life on board an ocean steamer has no privacy in it, outside the sleeping-cabin; and curious eyes and sharp ears are always on the watch to spy out or overhear all that is said or done within the walls of the wooden prison, as Doctor Johnson defined it. For the classic Argus had but a limited supply of eyes, in comparison with those on board a Cunarder.

In short this young Oriental was just the kind of man that ladies—especially young ladies—love to look upon, constituting as they do a species of human woman-eaters, in contradiction to the man-eating tiger of the jungles. He was in some sort attached to General Prescott's party, for he was one of the aides sent by the Sultan to the United States, to arrange about the selection and employment of

American officers in the Turkish service, and was now returning to Constantinople to report and receive further instructions from his imperial master, Abd-ul-Aziz, whose peculiarity, like that of all sultans, was personally to intermeddle in everything connected with every department of the Government, muddling most of them, as a necessary consequence. But happy in his youth, good looks, and good fortune, on excellent terms with himself, and therefore with the rest of mankind, extracting pleasure from any source attainable, and taking no heed for the morrow, on the genuine Oriental plan, the young officer thoroughly enjoyed both his mission and the society of the young girls, to which it gave him a passport.

So the days drifted by—some slowly—some with marvellous celerity—until the

chalky cliffs of England became visible; and landing at Liverpool, the American party, with their Armenian *Attaché*, proceeded at once to London.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REBEL'S REST.

THE scene shifts to South America, to one of the virgin forests of Brazil, in the province of Sao Paulo or St. Paul, remote from the civilization of that bastard Paris of the Southern continent, Rio Janeiro.

In this most southern province of the empire, with the exception of Rio Grande do Sul and Parana, four hundred miles south of the capital, there had sprung up and now flourished a colony of self-exiled Confederates, unwilling to accept either of the two alternatives tendered them after the fall of the Confederacy, by their "Northern Brethren," who, "a little more than kin and less than kind," proposed

their disfranchisement, or practical amalgamation, social and political, with their emancipated negro slaves.

Less hopeful, or more uncompromising, than the great bulk of the Southern population, about six hundred Confederates, with their families, immediately after the termination of the war, had made choice of exile and expatriation, in preference to submission to Northern rule; and accepting the liberal offers made them by the agents of the energetic and progressive Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, a model monarch and genuine democrat in all his plans and purposes, had settled in this part of that vast empire, so full of future possibilities, and lacking only development and population to become one of the great kingdoms of the earth. The mighty river rushing through this untamed and primitive region, its great growth of forest patriarchs, whose

gnarled trunks and giant arms were festooned by the creeping plants and wild vines, which twined so lovingly around them as to shut out the sunshine from the shady alcoves beneath, testified to a semi-tropical climate, where the cotton and the coffee-plant could freely flourish; and the formation of the rocks around, bore witness to the mineral wealth existing there. The murmur of the river made music in the ears of the hardy pioneers who had settled on its banks: for it reminded them of the distant Mississippi, both in the volume and might of its waters and the fertility it dispensed: and sung to them of deliverance, and oblivion of past sufferings, and pains and penalties inflicted by brothers' hands. The exotic birds, of strange shapes, and with plumage which appeared to have been dyed in the sunbeams, piped to their now accustomed ears

of liberty; and the embrowned hands, now as familiar with the axe and plough as formerly with the rifle and sabre, told their tale of daily labour long and manfully endured, by men born and bred to far different pursuits and habitudes. The faces and general aspect of those men showed them not to be natives of South America, as did their speech and language; but emigrants from her elder sister of the Northern continent. But the swarthy faces, flashing dark eyes, and reckless though courteous bearing, indicated them as not belonging to the Yankee race, which still carries its original Puritan stamp upon it; but to be the sons of another sunny Southern clime, where there was no ice either on the earth, or in the veins of its occupants.

The surrounding indications all gave evidence of a somewhat prolonged occupa-

tion, for the trees had long been felled and the fields cultivated for a large area; and the rough but substantial houses of logs, and of wood, constituting the settlement which numbered about a thousand souls, bore marks of exposure to wind and weather, and the heavy rains of those latitudes.

The largest building, in the very centre of the village—a square house, two stories high, having the air of an hotel from its numerous rooms—had swinging in front of it a sign-board, on which were painted the significant words,

"*The Rebel's Rest.*"

and in front of this building groups of men and women were congregated, chatting and discussing some point of great interest to the little community.

There were families, as well as individuals comprised in this emigration; but

two-thirds, or perhaps three-fourths were men, in the first vigour of early manhood, such colonists as any country might well prize; and Dom Pedro of Brazil was too wise a ruler not to welcome warmly, and liberally endow the Confederate pioneers who had made his country their haven of refuge. These people had renounced their old Southern homes and associations for ever, through mixed motives. Some unwilling to bear either the renegade's shame, or "the hell of reconstruction" promised by Parson Brownlow, some hopeless of a better future, and others apprehensive for their dearest ones of another San Domingo from the liberated slaves. Many of the men bore the scars and marks of battle on their faces and persons. Several had lost a leg or an arm, and most of the faces, both of men and women, bore the traces of anxiety and hardships endured for a long period.

The faces of the men were set and stern, those of the women sad and weary looking; but high resolve and dauntless courage were stamped on all: as though they were convinced of the truth of the sentiment, that, "to bear is to conquer our fate!" Gaiety, jest, or jollity there was none: save when the irrepressible vivacity of youth would break out in boy or girl, and overpower their sad environments, cheering the hearts of their elders by sudden bursts of laughter or merry pranks, suggested by exuberance of animal life, or ignorance of past sorrows and sufferings.

Among the group congregated in front of the Rebel's Rest, and displaying much animation and interest in the topic under discussion, we recognize an old acquaintance, though now his left sleeve was empty: and a long scar running from eyebrow to jaw marked his right cheek. The face

was more stern and sad, and the jaw more rigidly set in iron resolve, than when he stood by his cousin's side on the Old Prescott place in South Carolina—so long ago! as it seemed to him. But it was Harry Lee, who now formed the centre of this circle of colonists. Aged in appearance ten years at least, partially maimed, with hair and moustache prematurely grizzled, the boyish figure developed into that of a strong and stalwart man, the indomitable spirit of old, though saddened by secret sorrow, still shone in his eyes, as of one over whose grave (when his hour came) might be rewritten that historic epitaph—"Here lies one that never feared the face of man." But over the stern face, at the moment, there seemed to play the lost light of other days, when his frank cheery spirit animated all around him with contagious gaiety.

For the look now was not one of brooding introspection, but of awakened hope and fixed resolve.

"And so, Harry," said a matronly-looking woman, with a pleasant sun-browned face, full of intelligence and gentleness—to whose hand a chubby, curly-headed urchin of two years was clinging; "you tell us that General Prescott writes you from Constantinople, that our great and good old General Lee is dead—of a broken heart, he says, and we can all understand it, those of us who saw him just after the war especially. God gave him a great heart, but a very tender one, and he held himself responsible for the faults and follies of others always. It is a good thing to be conscientious, but there may be too much of a good thing; and unselfishness may be pushed to a fault."

"That is true," said Harry Lee, thought-

fully, "but," he added: "you will admit, Mrs. Randolph, that it is a fault of such rarity as not to do much harm in this world! Certainly General Lee had few sharers in it either in camp or in council in the Southern Confederacy. In the inscrutable providence of God, he was doomed to see his highest hopes converted into dust and ashes, and his hearthstone profaned; but he never murmured or repined: and we should imitate his example."

"You are right, Harry! but it is hard, very hard to understand," answered the matron; "but let us talk of yourself and your new plans, which have disturbed us all very much! This invitation to enter the Sultan's service which General Prescott sends you, seems to us all a move from bad to worse. We cannot spare you, for you know you are a prime favourite with everybody."

"My dear Mrs. Randolph," replied the young man much moved, "I know you always speak what you feel, and believe me, I am as loth to go, as you and my other friends are to lose me. But a one-armed pioneer in the forest, after the first needs of defence against Indians and wild beasts are over, is a very useless animal, and work in the fields is alone wanted. So long as it was necessary to fight the Indians, I was of some use; but a man that cannot cut down a tree or drive a plough is an incumbrance. Hence should I refuse to enter into the Sultan of Turkey's military service, which my kind old friend General Prescott has secured for me, I should be worse than a fool. For that duty I am still fit, and for none other that I know of. Therefore go I must, although grieved to leave friends such as all of you, in whose exile I have shared for the last three years."

A smile passed over Mrs. Randolph's yet handsome face, as she archly said, "Are you quite sure, Harry, that duty and not inclination takes you away from us, and that it is an old General and not a young lady who beckons you across two oceans, to that God-forsaken place? Our pretty little cousin must be a woman by this time."

Over the bronzed and scarred face of Harry Lee there passed a red flush up to the very roots of his hair, as a careless hand thus unintentionally probed his secret wound; and he made no reply. The quick-witted matron, with a woman's keen perception, saw and comprehended immediately the real state of the case, and strove to prevent others from seeing the effect of her careless shaft, which had thus hit the centre.

"Well, Harry," she said, "you know the

Prescotts are my cousins as well as yours. People do say we Virginians are all cousins, especially in our first families. But you know General Prescott married Mary Lee, and in that way we are related, so you must take my love to them both, when you meet them, and tell Helen not to throw herself away on a Turk, or a Greek, or any of those outlandish people out there, as some silly American girls have done,—and repented it."

Recovering his self-possession, Harry pressed warmly the hand of his friend.

"God bless you, Mrs. Randolph," he said, "you have a heart of gold, and I never will forget all the kindness and sisterly affection you have ever shown to me. I will write to you after my arrival in Turkey, and write you everything," he added significantly, "for, as you know, I have no mother or sister left to receive my

confidences, or offer me consolation. Now I must bid you all good-bye, for my horse is saddled, and my remaining worldly goods stowed away in his saddle-bags. I have a long and weary journey before me to Rio Janeiro, whence I am to embark for London and Constantinople."

He stooped and kissed his cousin and her chubby boy, wrung the hands of his friends, who warmly bid him God-speed, and accompanied only by his guide and negro servant Dick, set his face westward.

That night as Mrs. Randolph sat alone by the fire, her husband having gone to attend a public meeting of condolence on the death of General Lee, the latch of the door was lifted, and a fair-haired young girl, on whose cheek were the stains of recently shed tears, came in, and throwing herself on her knees, buried her face in the lap of the matron, while her slight frame

was shaken by a storm of sobs, which she strove vainly to smother or suppress.

"Why, Lucy, what is the matter?" said Mrs. Randolph, bending with motherly tenderness over the slight figure, with its wealth of fair hair, bowed down before her. "What does all this mean?"

The girl raised her tear-stained eyelids with a half-reproachful glance. "Oh you know very well! I have no secrets from you, Mrs. Randolph. You know he has gone away, and that I never, never shall see him again, and he does not care for me, and I wish I was dead, indeed I do; for in spite of all your warnings I did believe that some day or other he might care for me as I do for him, but now all is over, and I never can be happy again. Never, never, never!"

"Why, child, what possessed you to take a fancy to a man who seems to have

buried all his hopes—and his heart with them—in the place where he left his left arm; the saddest, sternest, most inconsolable of all our companions; a man who seldom ever smiles, and who is older than my husband, although he has twenty years the advantage of him."

"But," said the girl eagerly, "he is so good and so gentle and so unselfish, and at the same time so brave. He reminds me of the Old Paladins we read of, or the Knights of King Arthur's round table, more than of the common men we have all around us; and he is still too young not to forget past sorrows, and live out his life yet. But I know this is all foolishness on my part, dear Mrs. Randolph! but I couldn't help it, and it is all over now, and I am too proud to let any one even guess it, except you. So if you only will let me come here sometimes, and talk about

him, it will do me a world of good, and do him no harm. May I, dear Mrs. Randolph?"

The artless request was granted, and the girl, wiping her eyes and smoothing her tumbled hair, passed out again into the night; while the matron first sighed, then smiled, murmuring to herself, "Soon dries the dewdrop on the April leaf."

CHAPTER IX.

A RIDE THROUGH THE BRAZILIAN SERTOES, AND ENCOUNTER WITH A FOREST KING.

The Mission of Nossa Senhora mâi dos homens.

THE vast Empire of Brazil, covering an extent equal to three-fourths of the entire area of Europe, the larger portion of which is an immense river-plain watered by the Amazon and its tributaries, is so sparsely occupied, and with such a mixed population, as to render travel from its extreme points both difficult and dangerous. The white races constitute not a sixth part of its inhabitants—mixed races of Portuguese, Indian, and Negro descent, Indian tribes, and about four millions of negro slaves, are the subjects of this Federal Empire,

which, prior to 1822, was attached to the Crown of Portugal, but has since then been an independent nation, under a Constitutional Emperor, and an Imperial Legislature.

To traverse the four hundred miles separating Sao Paulo, wherein was situated the Confederate colony, from Rio Janeiro—through a country where in many places there were no roads save the tracks left by previous travellers, and through vast plains, forests, and jungles peopled by savage Indians and runaway slaves at sparse and long intervals, and haunted by wild beasts, scarcely more savage and dangerous than their human sharers in possession of these wildernesses—required both courage and endurance on the part of the infrequent wayfarers. Native guides, termed *camaradas*, negroes or mulattoes, whose lives had been passed

in the open air, and in roaming over the country, are absolutely indispensable to such explorations; the vast *sertoes*, or open plains, stretching more than sixty leagues from the coast to the frontiers of Peru, especially require such guides. Over these you may travel for days without encountering a tree, much less a human habitation. A desert in its aridity and monotony, rivalling those of Africa, stretches all around you, and is bounded only by the horizon; and the tropical heat renders travelling by night, and sleeping by day, the most healthy and comfortable method of progression. The terrors of being lost in the desert, or the prairie, are aggravated here by the presence of savage men and savage beasts, lurking in ambush, to plunder or destroy. Among the latter, fiercest and most fell, are the various descriptions of the ounce, or South American

tiger—fully as dangerous to man as his brother of the Indian jungle. It is the haunt also of innumerable serpents, from the terrible boa constrictor, which can crush an ox, to the graceful colza, with its speckled skin and diamond eyes. Vast troops of the ungainly ostrich also wander past in bands, with amazing fleetness, whose lives are held sacred by the law, under heavy penalties; because living on serpents, these ungainly birds keep down that terrible pest of Brazil within limits.

The only sounds that disturb the silence of these vast plains are the hoarse cry of these birds, the hissing of the serpents, and the muffled roar of the ounce, in quest of bestial or human prey.

Through these sertoes, accompanied by the faithful Dick, and with a guide of mixed Portuguese and Indian blood, familiar with the route, all three mounted

on sure-footed mules, and taking provisions and bedding with them, Harry Lee, armed to the teeth, as were his companions, commenced his journey eastward.

The novelty of the sights and sounds surrounding him, and the adventures encountered, kept his mind as well as his body constantly on the alert, and prevented that brooding meditation on past and future, which weakens and disables those who indulge in such fatal mental dram-drinking.

Happy the man or woman to whom Providence has given the power of resisting the twin demons of despondency and retrospection, which dog the footsteps of the infirm of purpose, whispering the wicked suggestion so poetically embodied in Tennyson's "two voices."

But of sterner stuff than such was Harry Lee; and to meet his fate manfully,

whatever that fate might be, was both the religion and rule of his life. He witnessed the strange hunting of the serpent by the ostrich—a most curious and even comical proceeding—an episode constantly recurring on those dreary plains. From the midst of a small clump of scrubby brushwood, on the right side of the path they were following, there suddenly emerged a gaunt, sinewy-looking ostrich, which, with sharp cries and much fluttering of wings, leapt from one side to the other, in a species of dance, its small sharp eye fixed on one particular spot. Glancing at that spot, Harry saw the glittering skin of the arutu, one of the most venomous serpents, in full coil, balancing itself on its tail and preparing for a spring, which the next moment was made, and the reptile's sharp fangs struck against the tough and scaly skin of the ostrich, pro-

tected by the short stiff feathers which constitute its plumage. Several times the serpent struck, but the long legs and plumed armour of the bird rendered the assault innocuous; for the poison could not penetrate into the circulation, and the baffled arutu expended its venom uselessly, and without effect.

In its turn, however, the ostrich assumed the offensive. Watching his opportunity, with his horny beak he seized the head of the reptile, caught it as in a vice, raised aloft his long neck with a hoarse cry of triumph, and dashed the arutu's body against a huge stone, which lay in the path, repeating the blows, until the writhing body of the serpent ceased convulsively to resist the efforts of its enemy. Dropping the crushed reptile on the ground; and elongating yet more its long neck, the ostrich then proceeded to make

a meal of his vanquished enemy; swallowing him down, much in the fashion of a boa-constrictor, striding solemnly away, with the tail of the half-devoured reptile hanging down from his beak.

Troops of deer passed by in the distance, and flocks of birds with richly variegated plumage, and of strange shapes, flew over their heads as they rode on. In those solitudes where the presence of man is so rare, the animal and insect life is prodigious; and for the naturalist or entomologist the sertoes are full of surprises. The famous botanist, St. Hilaire, records in his travels in Brazil, that on one occasion, in a morning's walk near one of the Catholic missions, he counted seventy different species of plants and flowers, previously unknown to him or to Europe. This however was in the mountain region.

Rare *fazendas*, or congregations of huts, were to be found several days apart, but the mongrel dwellers therein, civilized and humanized by the devoted and zealous Catholic priests and missionaries, who have carried on their Apostolic labours in Brazil, received the travellers with a generous hospitality ; though they had but corn-cakes, or manioc sweetened with sugar-cane, or rice, with which to regale their guests.

Yet in spite of this scanty and frugal fare, the men are strong and hearty, wandering over the deserts for months together, without any stronger nourishment.

The Brazilians resident in this region are slight wiry active men, full of hardihood and used to peril, being, like the North American frontier-men, in constant collision and conflict with the Indians.

One curious trait is mentioned by the missionaries in regard to them. They have among them a class of professional bravos, who can be hired to do vicarious vengeance on persons who may have offended their employers. This curious reproduction of the old Venetian bravo seems hard to account for, in this primitive and out-of-the-way region of the world. It is a "touch of nature," but an evil one, which "makes kin" of the Brazilian semi-savage, and the effete scion of Italian genius and culture, when ripeness had passed into rottenness, in the middle ages.

Through all these strange sights and sounds, and modes of life and thought, our three strangely-matched travellers journeyed on, their fatigues diversified at last by one tragic incident, when the perils of the route seemed nearly past.

Riding slowly on in Indian file, one after the other, Harry Lee in front, his man Dick following, and lagging in the rear their half-breed guide, one starry night, when the wilderness was more still than usual, and nature seemed reposing in peace, our wearied travellers had just reached one of the rare clumps of stunted trees which sometimes diversified the monotonous level of the plain, when a sudden call from Dick roused Harry Lee from the reverie into which he had sunk, lulled by his surroundings. "Master Harry," called out Dick, "look up into that tree just over your head, I see something moving there. What can it be?"

Harry looked up, and a chill crept round his heart—bold as it was—as his eyes encountered what seemed two blazing balls of yellow fire, while an ominous

growl, ending in a savage snarl, showed the presence of a wild beast of prey in the foliage just over his head.

Spurring savagely the animal he rode with the cruel Spanish rowels, at one bound Harry was beyond the danger which lurked above him the moment before; but Dick, paralyzed by the sudden shock, sharply curbed in his mule, which sank back motionless on its haunches, and a moment later, a long body, striped with yellow bars, shot down from above with arrow-like rapidity, on the man and the animal he bestrode; and all three rolled over in the dust together.

Shrieking out "*Unca! Unca!*" the guide tore his mule's head round, in the direction from which they had come, and goring its sides with his spurs, fled away in abject terror, without one thought or care for the companions he was deserting

in his craven fear and horror of the terrible tiger of the Brazilian wilds, which he immediately recognized.

But no such craven impulse paralyzed the heart and hand of Harry Lee, in this dread emergency. To rush to his companion's rescue was his first impulse; and as the terrified animal he bestrode, shaking in every limb, refused to approach the spot where the savage beast was struggling with his prey, he leaped down, snatched the heavy revolver from his holsters, felt down his back that his heavy bowie-knife was there, and in a moment more was standing over the confused mass, writhing and struggling below on the trampled ground. He saw at once that the ounce had fixed his terrible teeth and talons in the man, and was rending and tearing him, over the prostrate body of the animal he had ridden, which was struggling desperately

to free itself from the pressure of the two antagonists.

To fire the five barrels of his revolver just back of the ears and into the side of the tiger-cat, was the work of another moment; and then, dropping the pistol, and drawing the bowie-knife, the man awaited the attack of the adversary he had thus diverted from his original victim.

He did not have to wait long, for savage, and almost frantic from the deadly wounds inflicted by the revolver, the ounce released its prey, and with eyes flashing fire, and jaws dripping with blood, turned ferociously on the new assailant, with a snarl of fury, snapping its sharp teeth together, and crouching for a spring.

Ere, however, the tiger could rise to its spring, the heavy bowie-knife, sharp as a razor, and weighted in the back with quick-

silver, wielded by the powerful right hand of Harry Lee, descended twice full on the broad chest of the ounce, the blood gushing forth as from a fountain each time the blade was withdrawn. Convulsively clawing at the air, the savage beast rolled over and over, in the death spasm, stricken to the heart by those two terrible blows.

Leaving the dying monster to its death-pangs, Harry turned with a sinking heart towards his old follower and friend, ever so faithful and so devoted, and saw at a glance that his succour had come too late to save, though not to avenge.

"Master Harry," gasped the dying negro, over whose face the ashy grey hues of death were fast stealing, "you'll let the old folks at home know, that Dick stood by you till the last, and that nothing but death could steal him from the young master he was brought up with, and

who always treated him more like a brother than a servant. God bless you! and good-bye!"

And with a shudder, which passed over all his frame, mangled and cruelly lacerated by the ounce's talons, poor Dick gave back his soul to the Creator, who made master and slave alike, and holds each equally accountable for his good and evil works here below.

Bending over the inanimate body of his friend, the stout heart, so often and so sorely tried, for the moment gave way. It seemed to him that destiny tracked the footsteps of all who befriended him, and that, like Job, he had been given over to the power of the Evil One, through one of those inscrutable ordinances of divinity, which the mind of man cannot fathom or comprehend.

Lost in his grief, Harry Lee scarcely

heard the sound of stealthy footfalls near him, nor even turned to see, whether it might not be the savage mate of the wild beast he had slain. But he felt a touch upon his arm, and turning, saw the abject and penitent face of the guide, who had sneaked back when he saw the danger was over, in shame and contrition for the cowardice he had displayed, which was not habitual either with himself or with his race.

As it was impossible to convey the body with them, over the long distance yet to be traversed to the nearest religious mission, whither they were bound, a shallow grave over which they piled heavy stones as a protection, received the remains of poor Dick; while a rude cross built up out of the stones, marked the spot of his interment. Standing at the head of the grave, while the half-breed, who was a devout

Catholic, knelt down, Harry Lee read the simple but sublime Church of England burial-service over it, adding thereto a brief but fervent prayer, warm from his own heart; and then the two survivors of this sudden tragedy mounted again, and rode sadly and silently away.

Several days later our travellers emerged from the sertoes into a mountainous region, totally differing from the former in all respects, both as to the conformation of the country and its salient features and productions. *Père Sipolis*, one of the pioneer priests of the mission of Caraça, situated far from any human habitation among the high mountains of Central Brazil, has given a most graphic description of this portion of the empire, which like the United States comprises within itself almost every variety of soil, climate, scenery and production.

There is a romantic interest attached to this mission, which almost equals that of the founding of the order of Loyola.

More than a century ago, a Portuguese noble, Charles de Tavora, bade his family and friends an eternal adieu, left the paternal castle for ever, and sailing from Lisbon, founded the first mission in the vast empire of Brazil. In adopting Brazil as his country, he changed his name into the simple one of Fra Lorenzo; concealing his name, his birth and his nobility. Bringing with him his whole fortune, he chose amidst the highest plateaus of the mountains of Caraça the site for the church and missionary home, which he founded endowed and dedicated to the Virgin Mary, under the Portuguese title of Mary, mother of men (*Nossa Senhora maï dos homens*).

Here he formed a little community of religious men like himself. Pilgrims came to the shrine, many of whom remained; and until he died, at seventy-one years, Fra Lorenzo presided over the fortunes of the church and mission he had founded. His last hours were passed in prayers, and thanks to God for his church; and in his will he bequeathed the place to the then King of Portugal and Brazil, John III., who resided at Rio Janeiro. The king accepted the trust, and carried out the wishes of the founder.

From the monarch it passed into the hands of the Order of St. Vincent, which holds it to-day.

Picturesque and savage, as the great mountain ranges of Auvergne or of Jura, these mountains blend with their characteristics those of the solitude and silence of places remote from human habitations, since

the dawn of creation. At the twentieth degree of south latitude the immense chain of mountains running north and south divide; and from the great plateau which the church and mission occupy, peak after peak tower above and dominate the smiling scene below. For it is smiling, although in the heart of an otherwise savage solitude; for nature, lavish even to waste, has spread out here an almost matchless panorama, of verdant hill-sides, enormous rocks covered with moss, red white and green, virgin forests into which foot of man has never penetrated. Everywhere the hills, the peaks, the river-banks, the crevices of the rocks, are carpeted with flowers of richest hues; and even the giant trunks of the patriarchal trees festooned and draped with the creeping parasites, each with its clustering flowers of species unknown to Europe. Tropical

birds, of plumage as rich and varied as the tints of the flowers, flit about among the branches of the trees, or over the plains; and humming-birds, which seem living flowers, float on their gauzy wings into the open windows of chapel and mission-house. To the ear is borne the sound of the trickling waters of innumerable rivulets, gushing from the mountain sides, and falling in mimic cascades into the valleys; and finally uniting in a river in the centre, which gives fertility and health to the fields below.

In the middle of the plateau stand the chapel and mission-house, surmounted by the Cross, which bespeaks their character and objects.

Such is the Catholic Mission of "*Nossa Senhora maï dos homens*," in the heart of the Brazilian mountains—and such the surroundings.

At this house of refuge our weary travellers arrived at sunset, one evening, some days after the incidents just recorded, which had diminished their number from three to two: and were received by the holy fathers with equal warmth and hospitality.

On learning the sad story, which Harry Lee and his companion had to relate, the good men promptly declared that a Christian ought not to be allowed to slumber in those wilds in unconsecrated ground; and proposed, on the return of the guide, to go back with him to the spot, and convey the remains of poor Dick to their mission, where regular Christian burial could be given them. Harry Lee warmly thanked the fathers for their Christian charity, and tendered the sum he thought requisite to pay the expenses of the trip. But his offer was kindly but

firmly refused. "My son," said the Superior, a venerable priest with a head and figure like those of an ancient patriarch, "if we are not here for such works of charity and Christian brotherhood as this, irrespective of class, colour, condition or Church, why are we here at all? Let us do our work our own way, and with our own means, which have been thus far so miraculously supplied us for more than a hundred years, since Fra Lorenzo first founded this mission." And so the matter rested, and Harry Lee was better content, in thinking, that the bones of his faithful friend and servant would find Christian sepulchre at last, and be safe from the prowlers of the forest.

The establishment at Caraça combines a seminary and college with its other branches, which in two years increased the number of its pupils from one to two

hundred. This was at its commencement in 1862. Doubtless during the last twenty years these numbers have been greatly magnified. The people of Brazil hold both the place and its conductors in the greatest respect and reverence, from their works of charity, zeal, and piety, it having been one of the first educational establishments for the poorer class in the empire, on which many more have since been modeled.

Scholars are sent there from more than two hundred leagues' distance; not again to revisit their parents until after eight years' absence, under the regulations of the establishment.

The fathers placed the foundations of their house on a rock, and the vast edifice is solidly constructed of the stone of that region. In the middle is a chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, in front of which is a

grove of palm-trees. A large staircase of a dozen steps leads into the sanctuary, capable of containing two hundred worshippers. The altar and chapel are in the style of the eighteenth century. Numberless and rich *ex voto* offerings testify to the gratitude or piety of the donors. The missionaries who have died at Caraça are buried under the marble slabs beneath the altar.

To the right and left of the Esplanade stretch out the wings of the mansion, comprising the seminary and dwelling-places of the brethren. Interior corridors and cloisters of great extent, with iron-barred windows, look on the court, in which may be seen charming little garden-spots in full cultivation. The whole building forms a great square; and the negroes and the domestic animals are housed in the grand interior court.

Such was the resting-place in which Harry Lee lingered, for a week's rest, on his journey—finding among the fathers many men of high intelligence and culture, especially among the French priests, with whom he had much instructive and edifying conversation.

The peace and restfulness of the spot sank like balm into his troubled soul; and sometimes the thought occurred to him, that such a refuge from the trials and temptations of the world might, after all, be better than wandering again into strange and remote regions, in search of a happiness which it was more than probable he might never find. For he did not deceive himself as to the probabilities of his future, as regarded fortune or affection. His mother had been a Catholic, and hence he did not share in the prejudice against priests, and Catholicism,

so common among professing Protestants: and his religious opinions were of so vague a kind, as to render the adoption of his mother's creed comparatively easy for him.

But the Superior, to whom he hinted these ideas, did not encourage him in practically carrying them out; comprehending full well, from the young man's confidences to him, the exact condition of his mind, and not seeing in him any real vocation for the priestly functions, and renunciation of all worldly things, such as a true priest should inwardly make. Hence the half-formed wish died out, as vigour of body and cheerfulness came back to the young man, after his week's repose of mind and body, under that hospitable roof; and, with a sigh, he turned his back on that abode of peace, and resumed his journey towards his distant bourn, accompanied by the good wishes and prayers of his recent

hosts, who bade him an affectionate farewell.

Their journey, after leaving the mountain heights, lay through those virgin forests — *Mattos Virgens* — peculiar to Brazil, which you find on approaching towards the sea-coast. These are immense, and in most places impenetrable masses of undergrowth and brushwood, inextricably interlaced by creeping vines, until, on the bushes or trees, they resemble the cordage of ships. The few trees are overpowered by the parasite plants, with their flaming red and orange-coloured flowers. Below are multitudes of thorny plants, one of which is the *Navalha de Macaque* (monkey's razor), sharp and cutting as a sword; dwarf palm-trees, *palmitos*, and groves of the wild banana surrounding you on every side.

Wherever a brook runs through a

ravine, you find aquatic plants of all descriptions, rising to the height of twenty feet, flourishing in rank luxuriance, their tops covered with large green leaves. A mighty maze, apparently without a plan, (though none of the Creator's work can be supposed to be so,) through which the heavy *machete* or hunting-knife of the guide had often to cut a way for man and mule to pass through, though hands and limbs are torn by the sharp thorns which the foliage conceals. Happily these *Mattos Virgens* are not so very extensive, and from them you emerge into the grand old forests, where the gigantic trees rear their heads aloft from colossal trunks, with little or no undergrowth, forming a vault above, under which free passage is given without toil to any man, beast, or wheeled conveyance.

Like an oasis in the African desert, in the

midst of these dreary deserts, the sertoes, came one day like a vision of delight the religious mission and farms of Campobello —beautiful plain—situated near the picturesque banks of the Rio Grande, the Mississippi of South America, in the midst of the *Farina Roohre*, or spoiled wheat Sertoe, many leagues away from the great mission of Caraça. Campobello was the gift of a pious native to the missionaries, who have established flourishing schools, hospitals, and missions there. Thirty leagues distant from the nearest settlement, Campobello richly merits its name, from the beauty of the country immediately surrounding it. About sixty leagues in diameter, the vast plain is watered on one side by the Rio Grande, and on the other by the Rio Verde, the latter stream running past the mission-house: and as it abounds in fish, affording wholesome food to the missionaries and their employees and scholars.

At one time no less than two hundred pupils obtained instruction and parental care at the mission; once more prosperous than now. To cultivate the fields, and do the domestic work, the religious fraternity employed about a hundred male and female negroes. Eight different *fazendas*, at different spots, facilitate the cultivation. Indian-corn, coffee, sugar-cane, and the potato, as well as grains, are cultivated with equal success. Cane-crushing sugar-mills have also been established there, and rum is one of its products. Indian labour has been tried to a small extent successfully; but the chief reliance is on the negro slaves.

Leaving all this behind them, our travellers pressed on, until the city of Rio de Janeiro, perched on its three high hills, was before them; and passing into the quarter termed La Gloria, in which the foreign legations and hotels are situated,

felt that their long and perilous journey was over at last.

The broad clean well-paved streets, the fine lofty buildings, the gardens, in which clustered the plants and flowers both of the temperate and tropic zones, afforded a startling contrast to the sights and scenes which, for many weeks past, had alone encountered the eyes of Harry Lee.

But he spent no time either in exploring the beauties of the city, or wandering in the wonderful gardens of the *passeo publico* or public grounds, which, lovely to view, are, alas! too often, the sources of the pernicious fever which sometimes decimates Rio. He was impatient to be gone, for his mind and his heart were far away in another quarter of the world; so embarking on the first steamer which offered, he sailed away, to try a new life and a new home in the remote East.

Part II.

UNDER THE CRESCENT.

"And in truth, whoever wishes to dwell among the Turks cannot help himself; but as soon as he enters into their territory, must immediately open his purse, and not shut it till he leaves them again; and must constantly be sowing money, as a kind of seed. Since for money he can procure himself favour, love, and everything he wants.

"The Turks allow themselves to be calmed by money, as by some delightful strain, otherwise it would be impossible to have any dealings, or transact any business with them."

Count Wratislaw's Narrative of his Adventures among the Turks in the sixteenth century.

CHAPTER X.

AN EVENING ON THE BOSPHORUS—THE OVERTURNED CAIQUE.

Evening on the Bosphorus. An Italian sky unflecked by clouds, the fierce sun of June pouring down golden gleams on all surrounding objects, and causing the blue waters to shine like a mirror of steel. The matchless panorama of the European and Asiatic shores unrolled itself, as the passenger-steamer of the *Chirket El Hairi* line snorted and puffed past those rapidly receding shores, crammed with a living freight of all conceivable classes, creeds and nationalities, on their way to Stamboul, Scutari, or the villages which dot either bank of the Bosphorus. Like a

huge porpoise—as ungainly and as black—the steamer ploughed along, the sole discordant feature in a landscape where all else was so intensely Oriental; polluting the pure air with its clouds of dense black smoke, obscuring the smiling scene like a pall, and lashing the placid surface of the strait into furrows crested with foam, with its huge paddle-wheels, as it forged onward, ever and anon sounding the hoarse steam-whistle, in warning of its approach.

The warning is promptly heeded by the fleet of small craft, row-boats and fisher-boats; heavily laden clumsy grain-barges, and the cockle-shell caiques, skimming over the surface of the Bosphorus like a flight of sea-gulls, bearing passengers from one shore to the other or to some of the villages, squatting down under the cliffs, or embowered in trees on either side of the strait.

Managing their frail craft with wonderful dexterity, the caiquejees dip and dive past under the very bows of the heavy steamer, escaping a collision, that would crush their egg-shells, by so small a space as often to alarm the spectator; their Turkish or Greek rowers being quick of eye, and muscular of arm, and thoroughly understanding the management of their little skiffs. This gondola of the Bosphorus resembles far more the birch-bark canoe of the North American savage, than its more classic Venetian sister; having no house above it in the centre, and but very limited sitting-accommodation for two persons on cushions in the stern. Easily upset, by the slightest awkwardness in movement on the part of its occupants, the caique, nevertheless, is by far the most popular and fascinating means of transport over the waters of the Bosphorus; except when the

northerly winds, from the Black Sea, ruffle its surface into mimic waves.

The boat is now passing through the narrowest part of the Bosphorus, near *Roumelie-Hissar*, where frown the ruins of those still strong and picturesque towers, erected by Mohammed II., as his first stride on the European shore towards the doomed Byzantium, so shortly after to pass from the rule of the Cross to that of the Crescent. Opposite on the other shore, rise the crumbling towers of *Anatolie Hissar*, overlooking the smiling valley of the "Sweet Waters," and in their rugged ruins seeming to frown defiance at the marble palace of Abdul Medjid, and the flowery meads it overlooks. Northward are the peaceful-looking villages of Therapia and Buyukdere, with their smaller sisters; while southward Scutari and Stamboul, with their clustering domes and minarets, give

a thoroughly Oriental aspect to the scene, with their Turkish residences, as the steamer completes her voyage.

For the Bosphorus is about fourteen miles long; and this is almost the central point, between the opening into the Black Sea and the *débouchure* into the Sea of Marmora, where a bridge spans the strait, and encloses the Golden Horn beyond it, for several miles—in the upper curve of which lie nestled the sweet Waters of Europe.

The steamer's living freight is made up of most miscellaneous elements, in which the Eastern largely predominates. Europeans of all races contribute a few specimens; usually congregating in the centre, or on the raised middle-deck of the boats, which are occupied by them.

In the stern a large space is specially reserved for the native women, carefully

curtained off, to screen from the vulgar gaze the veiled beauties of the harem, who, if of high rank, are invariably accompanied by their guards, the black eunuchs. But the great majority of these Eastern houris are unaccompanied; the higher class shunning contact with or observation of the motley crowd, which use this mode of conveyance.

For them the private caique, with its silken cushions, and the stout rowers handsomely attired, is preferable on many accounts. And certainly, the specimens of Turkish womankind, seen through the transparent coverings they affect, which screen but do not conceal either the face or bust of the wearer, do not come up to the ecstatic descriptions of the "moon-faced houris" of the harem, given by the poets, who, since Ferdousi, have chanted their charms. Clumsy in person, with inex-

pressive faces, the eyes painted, and the eyebrows joined together in one black band, the finger-tips stained red with henna, consuming sweets all the time they are squatting down on their reserved seats; they constitute a peculiar, but not fascinating feature of the steamboat transit on the Bosphorus. The third-class passengers, huddled together in the fore part of the boat, are chiefly Eastern men of the labouring class, many of whom are taking their beds and bedding with them—on the old Eastern plan; and the infinite varieties of race, colour, and nationality congregated together, furnish endless studies to the ethnologist or observer of human nature.

Every hour of the day, the direct and zigzag steamers plough up and down the Bosphorus, until sunset; after which time steamers are not allowed to travel, ever since, a few years ago, the son of a high

functionary was drowned, by his caique having been run down by a steamer, as he was returning home shortly after sunset. Occasional permission is, however, given on *fête* days, or on moonlight nights, to the favoured line of *Chirket El Hairi*, to violate this rule : which is strictly enforced against all foreign steamers, including the postal boats from Varna and elsewhere.

On the upper deck of the boat, scanning all these sights with eager and amused eyes, we find our friends, from whom we parted on the Cunard steamer, eastward bound. Three months have elapsed, spent in the European capitals, as they slowly worked their way eastward, lingering at London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and other seats of civilization *en route*. But nothing they had seen or heard elsewhere, had prepared them for this first view of the widely different life and environments of

the Orientals; who seemed to have forgotten nothing of their old habitudes, although they had borrowed something from that West, which they now feared, as well as loathed.

"The Ethiopian will change his skin, and the leopard his spots," about the same time as the Oriental will exchange his inner mind, feelings, and character, for those of the European, whom outwardly he may imitate.

One member only of the steamer's party was absent. The young Armenian was not there, his duties or his inclination having taking him elsewhere; although he had partially promised to accompany the Americans, up and down the Bosphorus, on their first view of those scenes of enchantment.

The outspoken Lillie frankly expressed her disappointment at the absence of the truant knight, whose place was but badly

supplied by the professional dragoman; but Helen was more reticent, and said nothing, though really feeling much more disappointed than her companion, on whom the superficial graces and sentimentalities of the young Oriental had made but little impression. The senior of Helen but a few years, Lillie was infinitely older in knowledge of the world, and of the genus young man, her diagnosis was quick, and almost infallible. Needless to add, that she held most of them in supreme contempt, and was not as easily deceived by professions and fine speeches, as was her more unsuspicious and credulous friend: a child in worldly ways, but a woman in warmth of heart, without a mother's watchful care to guard over its first ebullitions.

As the boat glided by the Asian Sweet Waters, under the shadow of the crumbling

old towers, there shot out from the little stream which gives its name to the place, a four-oared caique, manned by two rowers, handsomely dressed, with a black eunuch, squatting like a huge toad on the raised part of the stern, just behind two gorgeously attired Turkish ladies, whose bright red parasols screened their faces from the sun, but whose yashmacs and veils were of the most gossamer description.

"Lor, bless us," grunted old Celia; "did ever mortal see the likes of that? What fur, dat big nigger he gone squat himself doun dar fur! Pears to me, de little boat shaky enuff, widou't haben him dar! But s'pose its de fashun! and de wimen here is as foolish 'bout dat as dey is everywhere else. But de boatmen doun Souf might gib dese Turks a lesson in rowin', and deys runnin' mighty close to dis steamer, seems to me."

Old Celia's criticism was justified by events: for either through carelessness, or misapprehension of the steamer's course, the caiquejees ran their boat just across the bows of the steamer, and it was caught in the swell raised by her paddle-wheels. The eunuch, terrified by the seeming peril, rose up hastily from the spot on which he was squatted down, and the next instant the frail caique was overturned, and all of its occupants floating in the stream. Immediately the steamer's engine was reversed, her progress stopped, and a boat put out to pick up the five persons thus tossed into the water. The boatmen clung to their overturned caique, and floated like ducks; the eunuch was picked up by one of the boats, with one of the ladies, but the other owed her preservation to a passenger on the steamer. The American party had observed a young

Turk, dressed in the Stambouli uniform, leaning against one of the bulwarks, and obviously enjoying the scenery, as much as the strangers. He was apparently in the full perfection of manhood, about thirty years of age, of middle height, but compactly and powerfully built—his strong frame displayed to advantage by the rich uniform he wore. His complexion was swarthy, his features of the prominent Turkish type: the eyes, hair, and moustache jet black, and the expression though serious not stern, and more contemplative than sad.

When the accident to the caique occurred, this young man unbuckling his sabre and throwing it down on the floor, sprang over the low bulwark into the Bosphorus: and in a few moments after was clambering up the steamer's side, by the aid of a rope, bearing the inanimate

form of a young woman, whose garments, like his own, were dripping with sea-water, whom he had rescued from the under-current of the Bosphorus, here especially strong. Resigning his burden into the hands of the women, who pressed forward from their curtained retreat, jabbering as hoarsely as a flock of crows, the young Turk, as though to escape the observation his gallant act had attracted, passed down the stairway into the lower cabin, and was seen no more during the voyage. But ere they reached the wharf at Scutari, where the Turkish party disembarked, the black eunuch, who had charge of the women on the overturned caique, passed below and had a brief conference with the rescuer, who was seen no more by any of the curious spectators of the accident, after the arrival of the steamer at its destination, the Galata

Bridge, which connects the Christian suburbs of Galata and Pera with Old Stamboul. This bridge is one of the most characteristic and picturesque points in the great panoramic display of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, being the dividing point between them, as well as the connecting link between the Christian and Turkish settlements on either side, which constitute in their collective capacity the city of the Sultan, called by the foreigner Constantinople—from its old master anterior to the Ottoman—the Emperor Constantine.

This bridge, at which the steamer's passengers disembark, passing up a steep flight of steps from the water's edge, is one of the most curious and characteristic features of Constantinople. It offers endless studies to the tourist, the painter, the ethnologist. All classes and conditions of

men and women, a perfect babel of nationalities and tongues, seem to have made of the Galata Bridge the chosen trysting-place. In a continuous stream there pours over this bridge, from Stamboul on the one side and Galata on the other, the motley and variegated population which inhabit the two; together with tourists of all nationalities. There the European, or the Levantine of European blood and training, jostles against the representatives of the various western or eastern tribes over which the Sultan claims control, or at least allegiance. The semi-Europeanized Turk, the Armenian, the Kurd, the Croat, the rural Turk, the sable African, the swarthy pilgrim from Arabia, and all the discordant Eastern races, connected only by the bond of religious faith, all these, like a swarm of buzzing bees, pass and cluster over this bridge, going to infidel

Galata and Pera on the one side, and to the city of the Faithful on the other. Riches and poverty, rank and pariahism, Christian Jew Turk Asiatic and Negro all elbow each other on this narrow pathway. Pachas mounted on Arab steeds with rich trappings, and in gorgeous uniforms; harems shut up in *coupés* with blinds carefully closed, with eunuchs on horseback patrolling alongside; beggars with every loathsome deformity; cawasses of the foreign embassies: gorgeous creatures in flashy liveries, with sabres at side, and awe-inspiring moustaches curling fiercely upwards; hamals or porters, bearing on their broad shoulders burdens that would crush a mule; Turkish women of the lower class, closely veiled, and shuffling along in slippers, or Parisian bottines with enormously high heels. Such are a few of the sights and

sounds to be encountered on the Galata Bridge. It looks like a world's fair, for inspecting which no entrance fee has to be paid; and this is the solitary spot in all the world where such a show can be seen. Cairo can offer a somewhat similar scene, on a smaller scale, in the Bazar *Khan Haleel*, and in the narrow streets of the old city; but it is infinitely inferior both in quantity and quality. You must keep your eyes wide open, and all your senses alert, to navigate easily across the Galata Bridge when crowded. From the centre of this bridge you get the most comprehensive and picturesque view of Stamboul; for after entering the city the view is shut in by dead walls, huge mosques, and other buildings, so that you cannot see far ahead, nor much around you. The domes and minarets of the chief mosques give a distinctive character to this stately

city, perched, like ancient Rome on many hills, and differing in its general aspect from all other cities of the world—the old Byzantine with Turkish additions. From the bridge also you look up the Golden Horn, over whose unruffled surface passenger-steamers caiques row-boats and barges are busily plying; a dream of beauty, similar to but yet unlike the panorama of the Bosphorus above. Nestled in its extreme point, the sweet waters of Europe—sister and rival to the Asian sweet waters at Anatoli Hissar—and now much more frequented, on Fridays and Sundays, by Turks and Christians. Looking before you up the bridge, the whole of Galata and Pera—the Christian suburbs—are spread out like a map before you, the Genoese tower of Galata dominating the whole scene.

Thus at one glance from the Galata

Bridge, you survey the different resting-places of the different and discordant nationalities, which constitute cosmopolite Constantinople!

Crossing this bridge, and reaching the busy mart of Galata, three modes of transit present themselves to the Grand Rue de Pera, the great central artery of the European colony, wherein are situated the larger hotels. One route is straight up the rugged hill, too steep to admit of carriage conveyance. Another is by the underground tunnel in railway carriages, pulled up and down by ropes. The third, which though a longer is a better way, is along the road established by the tramway company, making a circuit past the old Turkish cemetery, and the *Petit Champs* Gardens, with their snug little theatre and pleasure-grounds. Over this latter road the tramcars and carriages freely pass.

By this route our American travellers passed up to their hotel, on the Grand Rue de Pera. The Grand Hotel, kept up by the most obliging of hosts and of Frenchmen M. Flament, is an immense improvement on the old-timed *Misseri's*, which most Britons seem bound to patronize, from the tradition of their fathers and grandfathers, and from souvenirs of *Eothen*, which made famous. Here for the moment let us leave them.

CHAPTER XI.

SELIM PACHA'S NIGHT-RIDE THROUGH SCUTARI.—A RENDEZVOUS AND A SURPRISE.

In the meantime the young Turkish officer who had so gallantly rescued the lady of the caique, after waiting until the steamer had disgorged itself of its motley crew, slowly emerged from the cabin in which he had secreted himself, and passed up the stairway to the upper bridge.

As he put his foot on the platform, he felt some one plucking at his sleeve, turned, and saw an Armenian or Turkish woman respectably dressed, who said, in hurried accents, in Turkish,—

"He who plucks the rose from the

blasts of winter deserves, if he has the courage, to wear it in his bosom. Has my son that courage, or not?"

Startled by this question, the veiled meaning of which the young Turk's experience made him readily comprehend, the young man cast a piercing glance on his interrogator: but the impenetrable concealment of the Turkish dress prevented his forming any correct idea as to the age, nationality, or rank of the person who addressed him, muffled up as she was in the feridge and yashmak of common usage, in which it is impossible to distinguish one woman from another.

While he paused, uncertain how to reply, the veiled woman spoke again; and this time not without a slight touch of scorn in her voice.

"If," she said, "my son's heart be as stout as his arm, he may reap the reward

of his generosity, and receive thanks from far other lips than those which have already promised recompense for his gallant act."

"You speak in riddles," said the young man impatiently. "What do you mean, and who is the person who has sent you to me?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders.

"What asses these men are," she muttered; then added aloud, "The world gives Selim Pacha credit for a quick wit as well as for a strong arm. How can he mistake the meaning of my message, unless," she added sneeringly, "he swerves like a frightened horse from his own shadow, and pretends to misunderstand a lady's invitation? As to the Khanoum's name, walls have ears, though men's may be strangely deaf sometimes."

The hot blood surged up into the young man's face, as he answered haughtily,—

"Woman, as you know who I am, you must further know that fear was never coupled with Selim Pacha's name, nor did he ever refuse a challenge from man or woman because there was danger in it. When and where shall I answer this one? Lead on, and I will follow you without delay."

The woman again laughed scornfully.

"What!" she said, "do you dream the interview accorded you can so readily be procured, and that you have rescued a common person, whose door will be opened when you knock. Know, foolish young man, that you are about to scale the eagle's nest in search of a mate, and that it will be at peril of life and limb that you will undertake it. You boast

your courage; will it sustain you when I tell you that Azrael, the Angel of Death, may be your guide to that place of rendezvous, and you take your head as well as your heart as an offering to the Khanoum you rescued from a watery grave to-day, when you accept her summons. He who would climb over the precipice must risk the possible fall."

"I repeat what I have already said," replied the young man. "Lead on, and if it be to the Pit of Eblis, I will follow you."

"Peki (it is well)," briefly responded the woman. "Meet me here at dusk, two evenings hence, and thy vaunted courage shall be tested. You will know me by the handkerchief I shall have in my hand, and the rose in my bosom, and will accompany me to Scutari landing, from whence I will give you a guide to the Bower of Bliss. Allah be with you until then!" And

turning away, she soon disappeared in the gathering darkness.

The second evening after this interview, Selim Pacha was on the Galata bridge near the steamboat-landing for Scutari, just about sunset, when he saw a veiled woman, with a handkerchief in her hand and a rose in her bosom, descend the steps and go on board the steamer. Mechanically he followed, his heart fluttering with the excitement which such an adventure would naturally create. Determined, however, to be on his guard against any treachery, he had exchanged his uniform for a plain Stambouli suit, but had his revolver carefully loaded hidden in the breast-pocket, so as to be ready for any emergency. A long keen Persian dagger was also hidden in his waistband. These precautions taken, he was ready and willing to encounter all the risks which such an enterprise involved.

In a few minutes' time, the steamer stopped at the Scutari wharf, and the usual crowd of passengers disembarked with the customary confusion and hurry which characterize that proceeding.

Among others the woman with the rose disembarked, and closely followed by Selim, passed up the steep and stony street which leads to the great Turkish town *par excellence*, wherein but few Giaours or infidels reside. The woman took one of the hacks always in attendance near the landing. Selim did likewise, giving the driver instructions to follow the other carriage along the break-neck road of loose stones, over which the drivers recklessly drove their sorry horses, at a rate of speed which seemed marvellous, when the condition of the roads and horses was taken into consideration.

For fully an hour this drive continued, passing up and down hills and over stones, through the long, straggling town, past palaces and hovels promiscuously piled together, past huge cemeteries, or "cities of the silent," distinguishable by their long rows of evergreen cypresses, and marble tombstones, with turban or leaf carved over each, mostly however tumbling down in disorder; the Turkish cemeteries generally presenting the most desolate and uncared-for look imaginable. Lovely views of the Bosphorus on the one side, and of the Sea of Marmora on the other, with the picturesque confusion of the gardens and cemeteries of Scutari near at hand, were to be had from these hill-tops. There was something in the scenery and surroundings essentially Oriental, both in the lavish exuberance of nature, and the uncared-for aspect of everything which

bore the touch of man; the former apparently striving to cover over and conceal the shortcomings of the other, and only imperfectly succeeding in the effort.

But these things concerned but little the mind of the young Turk, to whom the place and its environments were familiar. His thoughts were busy with far other subjects of contemplation, than the surrounding scenery; and his fancy soared into far other regions. The brief glimpse he had had of the woman he had rescued showed him that she was both young and lovely; and of her gratitude he was now receiving a most convincing, though possibly a most dangerous proof.

Whatever the perils might be, he had nerved his heart and mind to be prepared to meet them.

The carriage containing the veiled woman stopped at last at the gate of the

great cemetery of Scutari. The woman alighted, and a black eunuch, whom Selim had not previously noticed as accompanying her, descended likewise, and having paid the driver's fare dismissed him. The young pacha drove a little further up the road, and then paid and dismissed his carriage also; awaiting the further instructions of his guide, who with her dusky companion was scarcely visible in the gathering darkness, rendered denser still by the shadows of the sombre cypresses which bent their dark heads over the tombstones, like expectant mourners. It was a place of all others seemingly most unfitted for lovers' rendezvous; and Selim felt a coldness creep around his heart, and chill the lover-like ardour which had accompanied him throughout his long and lonely ride. But he was left but little time for the encouragement of sombre

fancies. Like a ghost the woman glided to his side, and whispered: "Follow Farag—he is to be trusted, and you can rely on his discretion, for he is a mute! I must go in by another entrance than that by which he will conduct you. Be bold, but be discreet. Two lives will depend on it."

So saying the woman passed under the shadow of the wall and disappeared; leaving Selim Pacha alone with his guide.

Motioning for the young man to follow him, the eunuch shambled forward at a quick pace under shadow of the wall, and after a few minutes' walk reached another high wall, apparently shutting in some large private mansion. Stopping at a particular spot, he pressed his hand on one of the large flat stones composing the wall, and a concealed gate suddenly swung open, through which

they passed into what seemed as a vast garden, where the outer darkness was rendered still more dense by the great trees and thick undergrowth which characterized the spot. Producing a small paper lantern, which he lighted, and which threw a kind of glow-worm reflection on the narrow path which they were traversing, without being visible from the distance, the mute led the way through the tangled shrubbery, until a large palace loomed up before them. Entering by a small postern door, and extinguishing his *fanal*, the eunuch signed Selim to follow him, and ascending a flight of steps, raised a heavy curtain, and ushered him into what seemed a lady's boudoir, furnished in Oriental style, with the richest carpets and tapestry from Persian and Turkish looms. Long low divans ran all round the walls of the room, about two feet from the floor in

height, and garnished with rich silken pillows. In the centre of the apartment was a curiously inlaid quadrangular stool, the setting of which was in mother-of-pearl. This was the only piece of furniture in the room, except the divans which were fixtures. Heavy *portières* of carpeting from Asia Minor closed the doors; and an alabaster lamp threw a soft subdued light down into the room, swinging by a silver chain from the vaulted roof. Of the *bric-à-brac*, pictures, of articles which would have adorned an European boudoir, there were none: nor any of the small indications of feminine proprietorship, which would have characterized the presence of a woman in western lands; save that the air was heavy with the odour of flowers, which in rich profusion were strewn carelessly on the divans and tesselated stools scattered over the room.

Selim Pacha saw at once that he was in the palace of some high pacha, and that the lady he had rescued and was about to see, was some very high personage, whose favour might cost him dear. But he did not flinch, or quail from the consequences, and with a heart beating more rapidly than usual, awaited the *dénouement*, which was not long in coming. A slight sound caused him to turn his head. The *portière* just behind him was lifted, and a veiled lady richly attired in Oriental costume, glided into the room and stood beside him, her hands crossed submissively over her heaving bosom. Through the transparent veil and tissue, which enhanced rather than concealed the charms of her face and figure, the young man recognized immediately the woman whom he had rescued from a watery grave but a few days previously. Rising to his feet, the young man attempted

to seize her hand, but she recoiled a few steps, and to his astonishment, addressing him, not in Turkish, but in the purest French, said,—

"Doubtless Selim Pacha will be surprised and disgusted at the disappointment which awaits him, in meeting here, not a Khanoum but a Christian girl, who only wishes to express her gratitude to the saver of her life, and cannot find other place or occasion to do so. My mother's second husband is Kiuprisli Pacha, and I am the daughter of her first marriage. Her history is well known to you, as to all Stamboul, and mine as well; though few know that I am residing here in this disguise. Will you pardon the folly which brought you here, that I might express my thanks in person? Take them! and do not linger here; for danger may lurk around this palace, and more lives than

one be jeopardized by my mad freak in bringing you here."

"At least," said Selim, "before I obey your orders and go, let me look upon your face unhidden by that jealous veil, that I may carry away with me the memory of her of whom I have heard so much, and have been so happy as to have rendered even a slight service."

Without uttering a word in response the girl unveiled, and showed a face of the purest Greek type, with the regular features, dark eyes and hair, characteristic of her lineage. Eyes of the gazelle indeed were hers, so soft so lambent so lustrous, and the small mouth, with its rich red lips quivering with sensitiveness, indicated a passionate as well as a tender nature. Beneath the bold admiring gaze of Selim the young maiden lowered her eyes, and a burning blush spread over face, neck, and

bosom, like the glow of a summer's sunset. But educated as he had been abroad, Turk though he was, he did not misconstrue the situation, nor the sentiments of the Greek girl, as he certainly would those of a Turkish woman, under similar circumstances. He took her unresisting hand in his own, pressed his lips upon it respectfully, and replied, "Lady, believe I do not misunderstand, or fail to respect the sentiment which summoned me here; nor will I abuse the privilege that our situation might seem to give me. Our first meeting was strange and unexpected. Our second more so. But Kismet is stronger than man's will or his devices: and the destiny which has thrown us together will bind us closer still. There is that in your face and in your voice which reflects the truth, and modesty covers you as a veil."

The girl lowered her eyes, and hurriedly

responded: "Since you rescued me from the waters of the Bosphorus, my mind and heart have been filled with but one idea, and that has been that Providence has sent you to rescue me from the prison in which I pine, and restore me to the arms of a father, who probably does not know of my existence, and certainly is ignorant of my place of detention. But until now, no occasion has presented itself for my doing so. Fortune has favoured my project of our meeting, as my father and mother have gone to spend a few days in Stamboul; and I must confess that I am superstitious, like all girls brought up in harems. I see in our meeting a good omen for my deliverance from the harem life which has ever been so distasteful to me; although, until a month ago, I did not know why I could not feel happy, like other girls of my class, who have not the riches or position

I have. For my father, as I have been taught to call him, is in the highest favour at court, and my hand has been sought by some of the Sultan's nephews. I feel that when you hear my story, you will help me. My old nurse, who died a month ago, disclosed to me the secret of my birth, and told me that my father is still alive, and is still living in Paris, where I was born. My mother ran away from him, taking me with her. After some years she caused to be published in the papers the account of my death, fearing that my father might claim me, for it seems I was his idol. I was only four years old when my mother left him, and my nurse lived with us ever since. On her death-bed she felt remorse for helping my mother conceal the truth, and therefore told me why my mother acted as she did. She spoke in the highest terms of my father, whose

domestic troubles had made him old before his time. She advised me to try and communicate with him, and to return to him; but she warned me, that if my attempt to go to him was discovered, my life would be in danger, as my mother has turned Musulman to please her husband. They have tried to make me one, but not knowing why, all this time, I have always felt I was a Christian. In the French and English books which I have read, I have had more sympathy with the Catholic religion than the Musulman. Of course I now know why, as my father is a strict Catholic, and up to the time I left him he taught me my prayers on his knee. As a child I soon forgot them; but now I fancy I have a dim recollection of him, and a big city, unlike these Eastern cities. I cannot quite explain how it is, but it seems to me I have lived another life

before this. I dream at night of scenes which I never see here, such as bright-lighted rooms, and ladies and gentlemen dancing. My nurse told me my father always took such pride in me, he used to have me down in the drawing-room when he had balls, so probably that accounts for my childish souvenirs."

All the time she was speaking, Selim sat gazing at her lovely face, rendered still more beautiful by the flush of excitement her own story produced. She then went on to tell him how she had bought the services of the old woman, and the mute was her own slave, and he would do anything she told him; therefore if her father should come for her she thought she could escape.

"My mother now feels more secure since my nurse's death, supposing that I am still ignorant of my birth. I love my

mother, but since I have learned the truth I love and pity my poor father more, and long to go to him, and console him for those weary years of loneliness he has passed. Now if you can help me, you will add another claim to my life-long gratitude; I have not slept for three nights since my rescue, thinking and planning how to speak to you, sometimes fearing you would misinterpret my intentions. I was nearly mad with excitement when my mother was called away to a sick friend, and then I felt I was free. If she had not gone, I never could have seen you. She keeps a strict watch upon me. I go into Pera sometimes, and I have made friends with two nice American ladies, whom my mother visits. Tell the eldest, if you know her, my story, and I am sure she will discover a way of getting my freedom. Will you pardon the folly

which brought you here, that I might express my thanks in person? Take them! and do not linger; for danger may lurk around this palace, and more lives than one be jeopardized by my mad freak in bringing you here."

"At least," said Selim, "before I obey your orders and go, you will promise me to be prudent, and not run any risk; for since I know your story, I see you are surrounded by dangers which make my heart stop beating. Be very cautious. I shall get an introduction to the American girls. In a few days all will be well."

She took from the table a scrap of paper, and wrote a few lines. "This will serve to introduce you to Lillie," she said.

"Don't lose a moment, for I am nervous. Please go."

Selim without uttering a word, took her unresisting hand in his own, pressed his

lips upon it respectfully, and replied, "Lady, from this hour you may confidently count on the devotion of Selim Pacha in the task of your liberation—his heart, his head, his hand, his life, are at your disposal. Command and he will obey."

Ere the girl could reply, or thank the young man for the offer made with all the fire of strong but suppressed feeling, both were suddenly startled by the sound of trampling hoofs of horses, and the roll of wheels in the outer court, indicating some arrival.

As Emineh turned, with a terror-stricken face towards her companion, the *portière* was hastily pushed aside, and the woman who had conducted the young man, hurriedly entered the room. Seizing Selim by the sleeve, she hissed out,—

"The pacha has unexpectedly returned,

and the passages are full of slaves. For your life and that of others lose no time, but follow me; and escape while you may, by the way you came. I will lead you. Come!"

With a gesture of adieu, the girl raised the opposite *portière* and fled, while Selim strode noiselessly through the dark passage after the white-robed figure of his conductress, who passed like a shadow before him, through the garden-path. They had reached the small gate in the wall unperceived, when just as Selim was about to open it, the door swung open, and a tall black eunuch passed through, and found himself face to face with the young man. The mutual surprise over, the two men fiercely grappled each other. In one the strong instinct of self-preservation prompted the act, in the other fury, surprise and dog-like fidelity to the master he served.

The eunuch strove in vain to draw his sabre or use his pistols, for Selim held his arms to his sides, which rendered them powerless. Like two wrestlers in the old Roman arena, the two men, locked in a death grapple, wrestled together silently and savagely, with strained sinews and panting breath, each striving to master the other.

But the practised sinews of the young Turkish soldier prevailed against the more bulky but more flaccid muscles of the pampered slave. In a few moments from the first close, the black was prostrate on the ground, and the knee of the young soldier on his chest; while the strong hands clutched the throat of the prostrate man, until the rattling sounds of suffocation were heard.

Springing up suddenly from the body of his prostrate enemy, Selim spurned him

from him violently with his foot; and ere the eunuch could rise, had darted through the still open gate, and fled fleetly under the black shadows of the wall towards the great cemetery of Scutari, which lay close at hand, plunged in the black drapery of its funereal cypresses.

The eunuch rushed out of the gate after him, fired both his clumsy pistols at the retreating figure but dimly discerned in the gloom, and then slowly returned, finding pursuit unavailing, owing to the obscurity of the night, and the fleetness of his late opponent.

"Shall I tell the pacha of this?" he muttered to himself. "Why should I? not knowing what it means, or who brought the man here! No! I should only be held responsible for my carelessness in not watching more closely! Better say nothing. I saw a woman. Who was

she? They have fooled Mejnour once. Let them try it again!"

Shaking his head angrily and dubiously, Mejnour shuffled on to the palace with that shambling gait peculiar to his class; greatly mystified and perplexed by the exciting episode in which he had so unexpectedly been made an actor. That night Selim Pacha slept at the house of a friend on the heights of Scutari, to whom his sudden appearance and disappearance were not unfamiliar; quietly returning by the early morning boat to Stamboul, with a mind and heart more restless and unquiet, than either had ever been in all his adventurous career.

END OF VOL. I.

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